ELIZABETH BROWN

MIDDLE EAST DIARY 1945

Centre Party member, Ahti Karjalainen. That did not impress the party, however, which did not even select Karjalainen as its candidate. Moreover, Koivisto was regarded as too independent-minded by the Kremlin, and it was not until the final stages of the campaign, when it was clear that he would emerge the winner, that Leonid Brezhnev sent him an encouraging telegram.

But at week's end it appeared that the Soviet fears would eventually prove unfounded. After his win, Koivisto told a press conference that he "intended to carry on Finland's traditional foreign policy." On that score at least, it seemed, Koivisto would fit well into the Finnish mould. —CHRIS MOSEY

1 Feb 82

MIDDLE EAST

The 'Canadians' are moving again

If a passer-by in the dusty Gaza strip town of Rafah is asked the way to Canada, he will point down a narrow, rutted road on the edge of the Sinai Desert. It leads to a cluster of cement bungalows, where women carry baskets of vegetables on their heads and boys play soccer on the sand. This, to the Arab population of Rafah, is Canada, its name a legacy of the Canadian United Nations troops stationed there until they were ordered out by Egypt on the eve of the 1967 Arab-Israeli war.

MILNER/SYGMA

Abandoned Israeli fortifications in Sinai: 20 houses split by the border

For the past decade it has been the Israeli-administered home of 516 Palestinian families, about 4,000 people in all, who were evicted from an overcrowded refugee camp on the other side of town by Israeli soldiers.

Now it appears that these perpetual victims of the Mideast imbroglio will have to move again. Under the terms of the 1979 Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty, Israel is to complete its withdrawal from occupied Sinai by April 25, and it is retreating behind a Gaza-Sinai border first drawn in 1906 by Turkish and British officers on behalf of their respective empires. Unfortunately, that line goes right through the middle of modern-day Rafah, leaving many of its residents, including the Palestinian "Canadians," on the Egyptian side. And the negotiators simply do not know what to do about them.

In talks in Cairo last week, Israeli Defence Minister Ariel Sharon asked Egypt for a slight change in the border that would put Rafah entirely within Gaza territory. Failing that, he said, Israel would discuss placing Rafah entirely under Egyptian sovereignty.

But Egypt is unlikely to agree to either proposal, preferring instead some minor detours in the border as it passes through town to eliminate the worst problems. Cairo is determined not to accept any of Rafah's 50,000 refugees into its care, so it is not expected to absorb all of the town. But at the same time it refuses to sacrifice Egyptian soil, so the border in unlikely to move the other way.

The two sides agreed last week to send a joint working party to Rafah this week to find "suitable and practical solutions," but few of Rafah's 85,000 residents were optimistic about the outcome.

That is understandable. If the 1906 border is reimposed, it will cut through about 20 houses, dozens of shops and an ice-making factory. Families will be split, farmers will have a house on one side and their well water on the other, orange groves will be separated from their owners. "If destruction of buildings is the price of peace," declared Mahmood Hassan, whose seed and fodder outlet is threatened, "I don't want peace."

For the refugee families the outlook is even worse. Wherever the border is drawn, they intend to stay under Israeli administration. Almost all of their able-bodied men work in Israeli factories or building sites and they do not relish falling back on UNRWA (United Nations Relief and Works Agency) rations. Unfortunately, barring an unexpected change in Egyptian attitudes, that will mean yet another in a long history of moves for the 4,000 "Canadians." —ERIC SILVER *in Rafah.*

Sir Alan Cunningham

General aided Haile Selassie

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, England (AP) — Sir Alan Cunningham, the British general whose forces defeated the Italians in Ethiopia and Eritrea and restored Haile Selassie to his throne, has died, his family announced yesterday. He was 95. He died on Sunday at a nursing home in Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

Younger brother of Admiral Lord Cunningham, who was Royal Navy commander in the Mediterranean and General Dwight Eisenhower's naval deputy in the Second World War, Sir Alan's glory after liberating Ethiopia, then called Abyssinia, in 1941 was short-lived.

He was transferred to the war against German General Erwin Rommel in North Africa as commander of Britain's 8th Army and lost the initiative in the crucial battle of Sidi Rizegh.

When he suggested retreat to his superior, Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, he was overruled and replaced.

In 1945 he was named high commissioner and commander-in-chief for Palestine and high commissioner for Transjordan and attempted to mediate between Arabs and Jews in the final years of the British mandate.

Early Jn '83

of lead oxide was de- The Canada Metal Co. Ltd. in Toronto fter someone broke into the plant and dumped a powder contaminant into 90 tons of oxide, say Metro Toronto Police. Barry Edwards, the company's director of human resources, said three rocks were recently thrown through the president's plate-glass windows and two men have been arrested and charged by police with mischief to private property after a number of cars at the plant were scratched. About 160 members of the Energy and Chemical Workers Union are in their fourth week of a strike at the Eastern Avenue plant.

Diabetes study planned

Diabetic volunteers between the ages of 13 and 40 are needed in Toronto and in London, Ont., for a two-year study on the complications of diabetes, such as heart and kidney disease,

exclusive native use right to fish anywhere

171 civic jobs planned

A total of 171 temporary jobs will be created in the City of Toronto as a result of a $3.1-million job creation program paid for by federal, provincial and municipal taxpayers, Toronto budget chief June Rowlands says. Thirty-three separate projects have been recommended by the city, including such work as resodding city parks, teaching homeowners to insulate their houses, inspecting city housing projects, sorting microfilm and updating property assessment records. On average, each job will last about 33 weeks. To be eligible, job-seekers must have exhausted their unemployment insurance benefits and must apply for work at any Canada Employment Centre office in the city.

Xerox copy, courtesy Archives of Ontario where original is deposited.

Received Sept. - Oct. 1982.

1945

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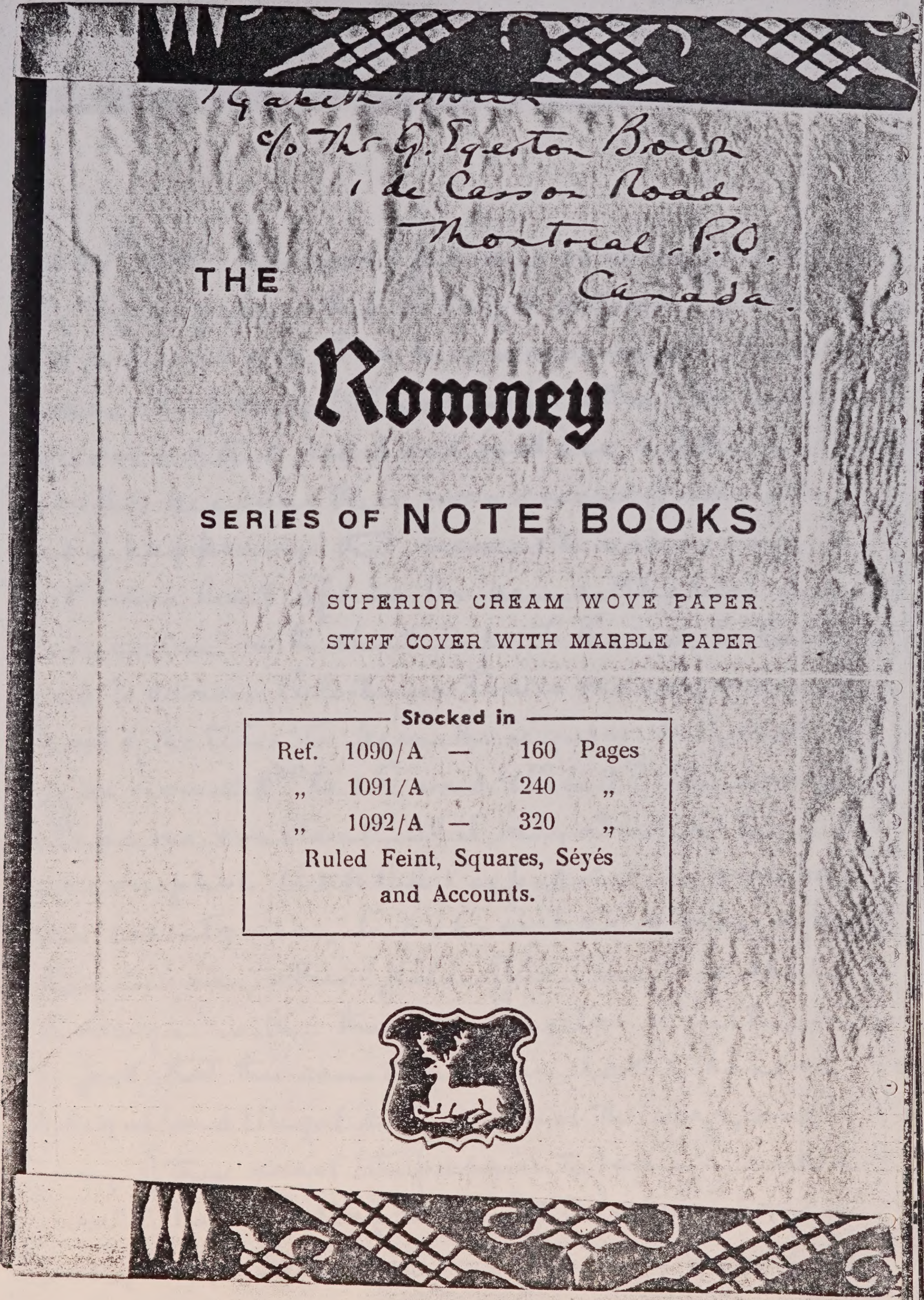
this is a rough sketch book of jottings set down - before lunch - between times or when I couldn't sleep - I don't believe all the outbursts I've included - Much that I've loved in life here I haven't caught. I began this for my own amusement - if you read it you are invited to do so solely for yours -

Please return
as on opposite page - and
please don't pass on unless its to
someone I know -



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and Accounts.

Dec 30th 1945. This book's full and I've had sufficient fun getting things on paper – I think I'll buy its mate when next I'm in Cairo in a week or so. I've been wondering why I write it when I keep saying I've "no time for letters". The two processed letters I sent out last Dec. and March were possible because there was a record of moving about and of happenings that seemed to make a story. But since last Spring I've been settled here in Jerusalem with short trips to Beirut, to Cairo, and to various Palestinian towns occurring occasionally. Most of the time it's been the regular daily routine; office hours 8 30 to 1 oc and 4 30 to 7 oc. The work keeps me constantly at it, negotiations to accomplish UNRRA's repatriation work from this country are, it's acknowledged, more difficult than in any other field office. They are shot through with the complexities resulting from the fact that this country has been host to hundreds of legal and illegal entries since the war, and that many of these resist the pressure to remain and only await their first opportunity to return home. Consequently negotiations and planning require more

attention than is usually the case. The office is busy with applicants and there's heaps of detail work.

There's been enough to do that I've had to put a stop on social activities & pleasures, enough that my journal has become a relaxation and an outlet where letters would have required an effort I hadn't the pep to muster. And so I now find I've included very little on the job or on the Jewish side of things. My chief concerns have simply not got themselves into these pages. Maybe if there's a volume 2, and now that I've got channels established, more security in my own objectivity, and in the local acceptance - maybe I can record some of the things too for I know that when my old age and the real use for these jottings comes I'll be sorry I hadn't set them down.

Please if you dip into these pages remember that this is private stuff for you who are my personal friends - and that it is my own individual reaction you are reading - and not on any account an official UNRRA point of view.

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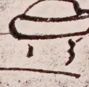
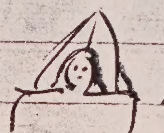
Doesn't matter where you start long as you start.

April 29 = 1945

Palm Sunday in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was a picture. The Greek Orthodox Church, the Armenian Orthodox, the Copts, & the Syrians - in two processions of two creeds each, paraded - at long last - at the end of a three hour wait in fact - three times round the high tomb. Standards; the Cross in silver & jewels, disks which originated in peacock fans - these things are about all one can see over the heads of the jam packed crowd; the priests, patriarchs, and choirs, the dignitaries all costumed and sometimes head dressed


Copts —


Armenia

Peoples palm branches are intricately woven, braided, flowertrimmed, big &

Palm Sunday -

pretentious, small and with devoted work done on them. Every palm branch is reached toward the procession & brushed on the priests shoulder or headdress touched to the cross to receive a blessing as the occasion warrants. Children are held so's to reach - the pushing is terrific & the incense suffocates, the crowd becomes stifled, holds its hands up and out in supplication, the shaft of bright sunshine streams down from the dome slantwise and picks out the procession as it passes

The high moments for the people are expressed in high fluting cat calls, womens voices particularly - beating the mouth - or yodelling. Supposedly this originates with the Crusaders: a hunting call - but how it came into the church is not told. Except that everything is here - a man selling bread rolls people sleeping, sitting or lying, mother breastfeeding

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their babies - money changing from the collection plate, the rafters and supporting beams in the old church are crowded - the window openings above too. In one a Franciscan monk watches - wonder what he thinks of the omission of the Catholic Church from so much and so many places in Jerusalem the Holy City.

The crowd drove me inwards till I stood next a young man whose English soon reassured me I wasn't the only foreigner present. He told me quite a bit about the occasion - then said he wasn't English but Russian - had once been sub deacon in Russian Orthodox Church - taught English in prep school - been interpreter in Brit military for Russian, then Polish - lived in M E for 12 yrs or so. Interesting, intellectual glandular deficiency - streak of immaturity - Assist editor Pal Illustrated News - informat

Armenian Foot Washing Service

To the right after you enter Jaffa Gate, on past Herod's Tower & the Citadel past the arch - the road runs through the Armenian Quarter - Narrow roadway as usual, bright glaring sunshine today against the creamy Jerusalem stone of the walls. Bit of a turn, more cobblestones then through a door in the wall to an open court with cloister, wide & pillared across the front of the church

We wait - most of the crowd are English guests or Armenians, some military - we have no tickets but Eddie Azzah, the clerk at the YMCA hostel has brought me he has friends & we're hopeful - The door opens & we finally get through Its dim, high, cool in here. Four big tall pillars making a centre aisle & two side aisles No seats as always - except a few arranged at side front - H.E. Lord Gort and his aides & party arrive they file thro the boy scouts' aisle & sit up front - the other chairs filled up already, but Eddie's friend gets us two smack at the right front

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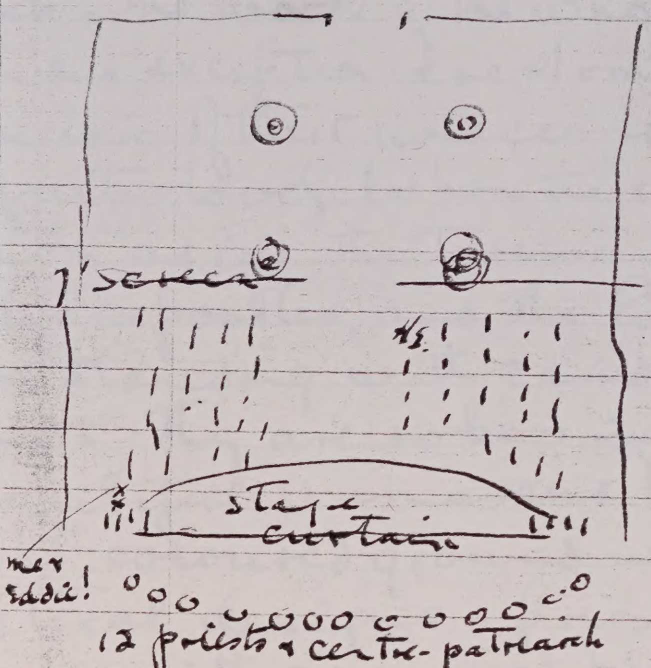
screen
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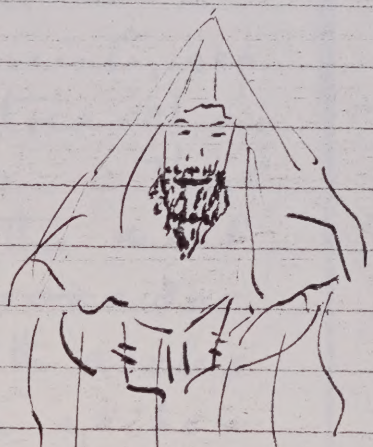
me + Eddie!
12 priests + centre-patriarch



side of the stage. The stage is covered with a white linen cloth - drawn work + embroid. edge. The curtain is robin's egg blue satin emb delicately in buff, henna, blues, and in religious symbolic designs - small + unobtrusive - beautiful soft hanging. The area in front of centre stage fills up with choir boys in tan, green + dull brown gowns. Their leader in the regular black priests' robe with a peaked (top) high black hood. His leadership is unobtrusive but earnest - his own solo singing reaches a terrific emotional

Armenian Foot Washing service

pitch - the words of the whole service with one exception are Armenian - but the music of their unaccompanied voices is quite lovely. When the curtain is drawn aside the twelve priests, rep twelve apostles, and the Patriarch are there standing with candles in their hands - They are robed in the most beautiful Damascus brocades. light coloured ground with ecclesiastical designs - priests alike in cream with green red black & gold threads & patterns - black hoods, lace handkerchiefs & crosses of individual style. The Patriarch has a blush pink robe gorgeous in pastel colouring & design - Beautiful real lace head, & large bejewelled silver cross, His high mitred & jewelled headdress is cream satin encrusted in gold threads embroidered round the few. The service proceeds with rising

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in a church which portrays how
the Theatre began - with a stage

seating of clergy & audience (those who can sit down) then finally the time has come and the silver basin & pitcher centre stage are placed at the side with a cushion on which the Patriarch kneels and a chair on which each priest in turn sits to have his right foot washed. The whole dozen are done, the visiting American Anglican clergyman is among the group - he looks strange & out of place - no beard - no head dress - just a robe - After the footwashing is completed the Anglican Bishop is requested to come up from the audience he is berobed in bright purple, wears a purple crown shaped hat - and reads from John 13: 12-17 Amazing how those few verses bring meaning & significance into the whole ceremonial. The place is a picture really - The tall dark mysterious interior

Contrasts

a shaft of afternoon sunlight streaming down through the beautiful ornate silver lamps and their lovely coloured glass balls - lighting up the dull colouring of the dusky choir group - picking out the sheen of the beautiful brocades, glinting on the silver, beatifying the interested faces of the spectators, the intense expression of the clergy, the enthralled devotion of the crushing crowd beyond. the incense rises thro the sun shaft - the eyes of the young soloist close in the deep emotion of his music this is an occasion of great moment to a lot of us

Contrasts here? Today an oil wagon big black drum on a cart - drawn by a mule - Hebrew letters all over the side - an Arab driver.
Yesterday I went past a bougainvillea

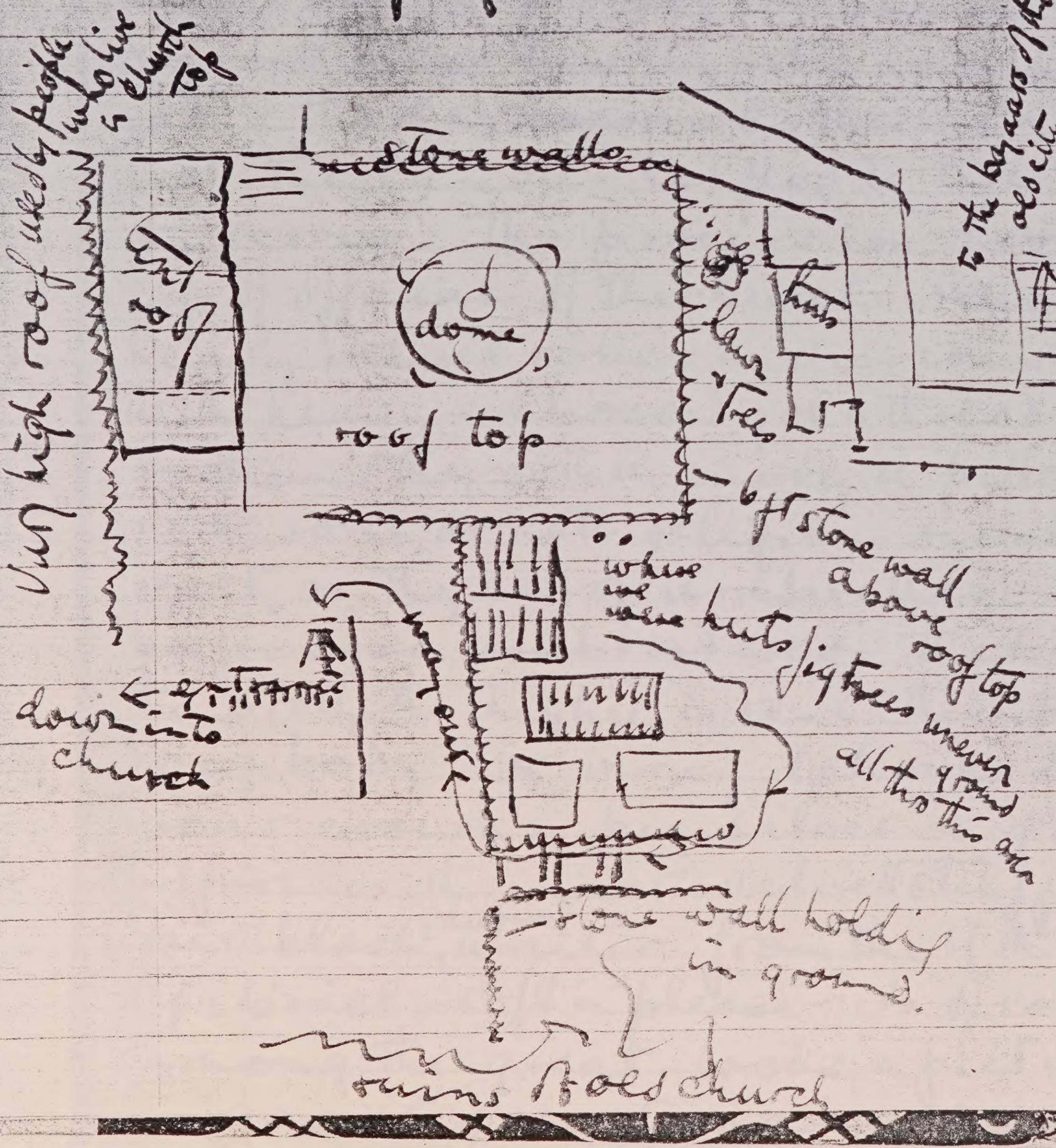
Abyssian
Search for the Body

garlanded window - where a British army officer was strumming Old Black Joe on the piano.

The Saturday evening before Easter the Abyssinians get organized to search for the body of Christ. They have a church of their own (Christian) nearby the Holy Sepulchre - seems, however, that tradition has barred these people from going into the Holy Sepulchre itself - so when it comes to taking part in the annual Easter services theirs has to be on the roof. So we climbed the long stone staircases winding b/tw walls, widening narrowing - past iron grills through strange corridors cloisters & rooms & finally came out on the roof top - in the centre the domed roof - on the top of the dome a massed bunch of lanterns lighting the place. this roof is reached as I've said on

Abyssinian Search for the
Body of Christ.

one side from way below – on the other however the ground is walled up off the roof and huts + grass + trees are at the top of the wall.


Very high roof used by people who live on church top
stone walls
dome
roof top
huts
grass + trees
to the bazaars of the old city
6 ft stone wall above roof top
where we were
huts fig trees wherever all this ground all this area
way out
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stone wall holding in ground.
ruins of old church

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Trees
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We came before light, at about 4^{30} the service or procession began - the drums were beaten at a low rhythmic rate. The darkness was thick enough that the candles helped to light up the scene. The procession is made up of officials of the church wearing heavy velvet robes in various colours with heavy embossed gold thread work on them. They either carry a pillow with some ornate religious symbol on it, or they carry umbrellas - velvet befringed, embroidered. The bigger the brolly the higher in rank the dignitary. Every body - or many I should say wear crowns big silver or gold affairs with inner velvet stuffing. Our black Ethiopian waiter from the YMCA Gabriel - soft "a" please - is of course among the great - looks a picture in garnet velvet no headgear a beautiful carved silver ball

on his velvet cushion. But what amazes most is the big tall Moslem Sudanese waiter from the Y in pale green velvet robes, a silver domed crown, an enormous red umbrella this is Osman who has three wives and he too is searching for the body to the beat of the drums. Following the berobed officials are Lord Gost and his own entourage. (GORT) Freddeker OWI Cairo, Stabler & Stubbs Amer Consulate, Brit. military reps of other organizations & consulates all carrying candles, all parading three times round the dome in their search and the crowd kept back by police. the crowd made up as usual of men & women with civilian clothes, robes, Arab headgear, Tarbushes on the Egyptians, copts particularly - children, soldiers, all the mixed mass of people hereabouts.

Mass

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Mass at Russian Cathedral-1 a.m.

Michael Markow & I then had coffee at the Vienna Coffee house - and came back to midnight processional for which we waited on a bench in the cloister for a long time discussing the Zionist home. Watching lone women come to cross themselves kiss & kneel to pray before a crucifix, watching others stretched on their mattresses to sleep the night, others munching bread circles with sesame seeds. And returning into the church watching the superstitious catch sight of a reflected candle in the glass of the dome - believing it a snatch of the holy heavenly fire and cat calling again in their delight. Finally the processional - banners candles, mitred priests choirboys round & round. We left to go to one o'clock mass at the Russian Cathedral - beautiful music priest swinging incense through the

First batch of Greeks leave

congregation every few minutes, the standing people – Poles & Brit mil. old old women who cross themselves & whose lips never cease moving & mumbling – Easter bread is sold from the table in the rear of the church candles are bought and placed on various shrines & altars with a kneeling prayer.

Home & to bed at 3^{15}

July 18th – Up at 3 o'clock "Telleta" as the watchman repeated cause he couldn't believe anybody wanted to get up at that time. We waited at the curb till an Arab driver drove up in a troop carrier – and a few minutes later a young English corporal in a 3 ton truck. George got in one & I in the other and we showed them the way to the Convent of the Holy Cross on the outskirts of town. Down the

Getting a small batch of Greeks away –

rough & rocky road to the low door in the big high wall – Four stray and sleepy souls awaiting us – and not a light or a sign of any preparation for departure – These Greeks!!

The drivers turned the vehicles around and gradually the crowd gathered – about sixty strong. We were only moving 25 of them – building tradesmen bound for Samos with their families. The bales & boxes of luggage they have is amazing – Quantities of stuff, Greek lettered and bound with blankets & ropes. We ticked off those to go, by candlelight – they boarded the Troop carrier – one of the women gave us hot chocolate & a rusk and when the luggage was thoroughly settled and three men sitting on top of it we drove up the hill & through Jerusalem & on out

A Sunday in Jerusalem with a Br. Off.

To Lydda - where they had a long carry of their stuff through an underpass like Westmount PQ to the platform like Trenton N.J.

The English corporal drove me home while George went on to Haifa with the Greeks. Palestine is lovely by dawn in July - seems greener and softer - moist & misty - while by noonday its parched and seared & brown.

Bob & I had a good Sunday, we walked down Julian's Way to the Roundabout on up Princess Mary Avenue to Jaffa Road and went into the Cafe Europa for morning coffee - the place was full of Europeans - noisy Poles - music rather raucous. A Cafe that tries to be impressive & just misses being corny. We walked & prowled about had lunch upstairs

in drinks after a Tom Collins at the R.D. Went to the early showing of the Conspirators not a bad thriller and ended up at Hesses for dinner. He's not bad company - but not very prepossessing. He's unhappily married - no parents - a sister who's a widow - a brother just married in Washington - it won't be long before I've had all I want of him. I like his interest in his Africans and their work & language & general situation. He's keen on his Swahili, likes to wear his Seaforth Highlander insignia & looks better in his Balmoral than his Bush hat. He doesn't drink as much as the officers in his mess, plays cricket & bridge and his main hobby is music - quite well versed in it. Got his promotion is now a Captain

Jaffa Club for a swim

July 23rd/ 1945. I've just washed my hair with some of Ruth's pink shampoo cream - its grand the way it cleans it & leaves it without soap. I wash it every three to four weeks in Jerusalem, and always immediately on my return from Cairo - it's filthy then too! Washed it today Monday so's to have it look right by Thursday in case I go there then. Suppose that means I'll have to do the job soon as I get back too. Sitting on the Y. roof to dry it - baking sun Transjordan hills hardly visible today - the haze is so thick - strange that haze when the climate here is so dry - Up on the tower some air force girls are trying to pose to get each other's picture their voices are scratchy.

Yesterday Dr Francis Bloodgood the Amer chaplain at St George's Cathedral had invited me to go for a swim at the Jaffa Club after morning service. At first I said no I was too busy. he urged

and so I said to go but I wouldn't be able to make church. However last thing my conscience took me to church where there was a pretty fair service in commemoration of Mary Magdalene's day, & then after lemonade in the courtyard we drove off to Jaffa - 1½ hrs in his little Morris car. The Club was packed with officers & Gov't officials & their girl friends. We had a pretty good steak lunch on the terrace under the rush awning and then went for a swim in the Med. The beach here goes down much more steeply than at Nuseirat refugee camp - there is a long rocky arm that juts out in front and there's much too much seaweed for a seemingly clean swim. However if you swim out far enough it's very nice. Sun was too hot for both of us, for we've neither spent much time in it recently. So we had

Cairo & business

about three good swims, some sun, some shade, some tea & a ride home at five. He's very nice - no high brow - but good mid western - Milwaukee stock with an eye to meeting the important people round town and middle east. Good sport & good sense of humour - must say its the first time I've taken my bathing suit to church!

Monday Gifford phoned "come to Cairo" to discuss putting my Greeks in Nuseirat. Tuesday I took the plane - The B.O.A.C. boys are beginning to think I'm a commuter good trip this time - got to Continental by five - had a bath & a change & took a cab to the office - saw Gifford & Col Anderson then Col Hyde & the new chief Brig Waddington - nice old Englishman - wont have the push or activity of Hyde - but will probably delegate more

Had dinner with Lilene Gifford at her pension - She has an admirer among the boarders - & we drank two rounds of his scotch before dinner - he brot me home in his new car - recently arrived from England - how do these things happen? LG & I spent the evng on her balcony with the full round moon staring thro the mosquito screen and the listless stirring of the soft foliage outside anything but conducive to our talk of business only - for that's all this good and very nice woman knows. UNRRA is very fortunate to have her, for she is competent, well liked and well equipped but it is a pity anyone who has the qualities she has disciplines herself to the work so strictly and has, as is usual among the Americans, very little background on which to tie all the varied new interests in a foreign land. They stick to what and who they know Too much.

upshot is she wants me to work for UNRRA instead of for the agency.
Amer. Christian Comm for Refugees are asking me to go to France to help in a vocational rehabilitation program for displaced persons - they have an idea they can transfer the program they had in New York over to Paris with ease & success. Poor idea, I think, lacking in roots in the French picture, not developed as a result of an expressed need, and not nearly as helpful under present circumstances as would be many another plan of more practicality. These would not be the backing, the ease to organize & equip an office - the money for travel & car, the extra workers on the staff as req'd. Also I would have to h & O - on salary. July 2

On the other hand UNRRA wants me to stay on in Palestine and are prepared to increase my salary in order to keep me. I am devoted

to the work and associations here - the whole thing - while it has headaches is most interesting and rewarding, and I don't feel the least bit inclined to leave it for something so questionable. If we go on with Greeks & Poles I suppose the job will last a year or so - and I may be sick & tired of it by then, or maybe the program will be stepped up before that and I can be transferred somewhere else with more solidity in the prospect. I'm taking till Sept. 1st to decide - & cabled them to that effect.

July 29th Sunday afternoon Mr Venardis Director of the Greek Min of Social Welfare, his assistant Mr Vrailas & Major Sandalis came to the Y to see me - It was just after four so we went down and had tea & I told them Cairo's decision to put Jerusalem refugees into Nuseirat

Sunday with the Greeks

there was much discussion and finally at about 5'30 or so we went down to tell the people at the Convent of the Holy Cross. We sat in chairs on the roof - and they sat and stood all around us - and then Mr Venardis & the Major told them in Greek what the news was. There was silence for a bit, then one after another expressed objections - and in spite of the good record Kuseiar has the poor souls think they're going to die if they go there for a few days. They talked about climate, about dirt about tents, about moving their luggage, about theft, about how much Greece has done in the war, about 700 children dying in Thus. &c &c !! They gave us a flat refusal & we finally left but I knew as I did so that whatever strength these two men with me had, it was strength alone that would win this battle

Greece

From there we went to the Consulate & talked to Mr Christodulo. Come to think of it he reminds me of a good fat pig - making every effort to get out of a cage - that's a bit what he looks like - and very much what he behaves like when you ask him to help his own people. 700 Jews, including 150 on the ministry list, including 350 Sephardics whose families have lived in Greece 400, or 500 years including 90 who simply can't produce papers proving their faith and the rest who can - But none of these does he want to help - I begin to wonder if the refugees aren't right and that it's true the Jewish Agency has greased his hand to keep them here - Fine material for a National Home they make!!

Contrast in Wines

The difference between Palestine and Greece - or the Greek islands is the difference between their wines - Here they are hard, shrill poor colour, good flavour at first but no body, either too sour or too sweet - a deception - acid
But a Samos wine has a depth and richness, a warmth without thickness or syrupy quality - a tartness without sourness - It has a goodness so varied in its aspects that one rolls it on the tongue and prolongs the flavour & taste as something to be enjoyed.
Its these differences that make the Greek Jews want to go home. Life has no rich constantcy here - its brittle, hard, with a glitter but no body or soul.

It's 4^30 am - Sunday Sept 16th/45 - I went to bed at 12 having seen the early show "Western Approaches" and the short "Lili Marlene" and had a good steak dinner at Hesse's with Helen Sztakowski & Miss Tauber from the Office my party - And I woke at 2:15 and since then I've been hammering away at what I must do in Cairo and what should be done about Palestine and its Jewish problem and whether I'll send that idea I have to the Colonial Secy - to Truman - to whom? - It's something that ought to be said - Thompson of the Welfare Dept here says I'll probably be bumped off if I say it. But if one sees and then thinks and gets an idea one believes in & thinks would work one *must* say it - What are we given our equipment i.e brains

(Trouble is deeper you get in this prob. more you [illegible] so better hold my brains)

Amer Intell Cairo and conscience for if we don't use them. I'll talk to Col Wright about it - and see what he thinks - though dear knows able & astute as he is his religious career has clipped the ears of his courage - also his military position prevents his speaking. Mine probably should too - yet here I am in the most unique job in the country to see this thing happening, and am I to do nothing.

In an hour and a half ~~an hour~~ Collier will be at 6^{00} here with the car and we should be in Nuseirat by 8 in time for breakfast. Pick up Jake - go on to El Arish - which I haven't yet seen & they say its lovely - pick up Capt. Brando and go on across the Sinai desert to Ismailia & down the sweet water canal to Cairo - by 5? I wonder.

Agronsky's party was interesting more than pleasurable - from my point of view. He is reputed to be charming - to a non-Jew he does not give so much that impression as that he is suspicious - he seemed aware that I was in the minority in his roomful of forty or fifty people - and his motivation and behaviours were strange - He was interested in seeing how I behaved - and whether, without introductions, which are difficult in a straight stand-up drinking bout, I would make overtures to Jewish guests, seek out the one or two other non-Jews, stick with the first people he put me with or wander on. He passed and repassed me during the evening and not until late did he

Agronsky's

open a conversation. At one point he threw at me "Where do you live?" "at the Y" - "safe, eh?" And there was more than the word in his look - like other American men out here, he gives me the impression he is scared of me as a woman. American men are not men in this - they're children and sexless at that. But more than that his "safe" meant that it is a cover for what I am, and neither a Jewish hotel or pension nor an Arab establishment had I selected to show which way I stood. Maybe he's right - and maybe that's why I put up with the Y. food.

Lt. Col Hewlands is too dull to write about but he has two brothers in Canada - one a comptroller of Hudson Bay Co in Winnipeg, the other the head of an insurance co - I forget which. Anyhow this man is young for his rank - so he pulls the corners of his mouth down to help him get away with it. Told me a pretty fair bit of detail about Palestinian military, got me a beer with his and bobbed up and down continuously to shut the door because he has a stiff neck just now.

His assistant Capt Cossy - a very agreeable guy - shot one finger which makes your idea that he's seen action have confirmation

Brit. military

Actually it turned out he had more practical info than his chief - & he sent me to a Major Sykes - a beautiful young Englishman who has as his hobby an enormous album which contains not only all statistics and data on Palestine enlistment 18,000, but a history of their activities both Jewish and Arab units - 36 nationalities among the former. Some units all mixed. Interesting picture of St George's day at Ramle - of the High Moslem Council having a native lawn lunch with the Arabic Troops. One of a Jewish officer swearing in new Arab recruits on the Koran.

The Lebanon and anti-Lebanon
Hills

I was remembering the road thro the anti-Lebanon hills from Damascus to the Bekaa valley – the night Collier and Paul Rowland and I drove back – sunset ahead of us – no cloud to speak of – but a warm glow and hue that touched every height with a new tone and radiance. The road was blocked with an enormous flock of sheep – buff brown black and creamy – clicking their myriad hooves on the modern macadam, coming up out of the deep blue shadows of the valley led by their shepherd in burnt gold robes – We were silent in the car as Collier stopped to let them pass.

Collier has remarked that in the east the men lead their sheep, instead of driving them as in the west.

Sept 26/45

Cant sleep - the waning moon
stands high, its bright radiance
falls the height of the dark cypresses
in the garden out in front, and
reaches to the white full blown
roses beneath the Sudanese
hanging on my desk. A boy's voice
sings an Arabic melody - all the
monotonous yearning, the limited
scale, the minor key, all the
characteristic droning and limitations
are in his song - and I lie and
wonder what it is in the Arab
nature that has produced such
an outcry. Is it the climate denying
creative inspiration or variance,
is it suppression by other more
virile peoples. A man's voice
shouts "shut up" and the song
ceases - Only a jackal in the hills
yowls back - a fitting answer.

French case to-day - young woman born in Roumania - two children and her Mother here - having come from Italy 18 mos ago. They lived with the woman's husband in Rome - till the Germans removed him, & as she thought took his life. Last month she heard from him - and now she's sorry she came to Palestine and wants to go back to Grenoble.

She and the rough man who was her interpreter sat across the desk - I taking what notes I could get usefully from her papers - Transferring lives to paper is a hazardous thing to do - they lack so much & there's sometimes such a slim chance of helping - Among other things she showed me her mother's identification card - Roumanian, green - long folder

Refugees -

My eye fell on her picture white, snowy white hair - lovely features of a frail wee woman - in profile - from there my eye shifted to a catter corner purple stamp plunged across the record

JUIVE

I burst out "who put that on here?" in such horror - that the two of them cringed before me - and I realized their first reaction to my foreign English was much the same as though I too had been of a mind to plunge a purple stamp.
Think what must be the likes of a civil servant whose job it is to use such a stamp
God how do we right this world!

A young woman prematurely grey nervous - big boned quick speaking. Born one hour from Czech border in Germany - speaks German no Czech - Christian - (for a change) As a child went to Czechoslovakia got a Czech passport & eventually went to live or visit in Germany. Married a German Jew and when the baby was coming Hitler was on his ascent to power - She didn't want her child brought up in the Hitler pattern "with a knife at his belt" - so she agreed to come with her husband to Palestine in 1934. By '39 they were separated - by '41 divorced. She's spent some time in a concentration camp here - her child is discriminated against as a Christian - as a German - she can't get work because she's not Jewish

She doesn't speak Czech, and so despite a Czech identification card. (her Czech passport was taking in exchange for a German one when she married & planned to leave Germany) the Czechoslovakian consulate will not give her a passport nor allow her to register for repatriation. She destroys every suggestion I make - the complaints, the bitterness tumble out in broken English and so fast I can't catch it all. Thinks this country has worse fascism than Germany ever knew - that the intolerance is beyond words - that she's lost the affection of her son because they've turned him against her - she's in a bad state - needs help - real help - yet what can we do to begin things.

and there are so many -

it but

Court yard at the Continental

22

My window back at the Continental in Cairo faced the courtyard. Ruth - and I came in after dark and as I switched on the light - she had me turn it off again - to look at the misty wonder of the palm tree ~~fronds~~ silvered with the glow of hotel lights in the courtyard.

At noon the day before I'd stood and watched a brown Arab boy tuck up his galibieh and shinny up a tall date palm - he knocked down many of them - and having shinnied down again clambered round the ground to pick up handfuls of the soft ripe fruit and make his midday meal thereon. This is a find for a street Arab like this - just to run through the garage entrance - skim across the lawn and up the tree like that - and nobody to see it but a foreigner - who enjoys - rather than censures

Oct 6th

the Brigadier, acid Englishman, the diplomatic adviser Francis B Sayer, his assistant - dull guy from New Mexico, and Col. Donald Day of Supply got grounded in the big Ensign that was taking them from Cairo to Teheran. So they phoned for Collier & the car, and landed into town about two. We did Bethlehem - the Brig. - who doesn't like to walk - and I got out at the Y to have tea - while Collier took the others to prowl in the old city. Later we went up the Mount of Olives by sundown - the Brig drove in the car to Gethsemane and I walked the others down the hillside to the garden. Drove to Bethany - to town again & to Hess for dinner. Sayer & the Brig retired. We other three went to Zink's for a drink. One thing

about these wines - they dont give you a head - but now at 3^{30} am I'm too stimulated to sleep - why dont I stick to tomato juice - because its a poor variety!

Sayer is a friendly, easy mannered American who is very enthusiastic about his sight seeing - He's been out through India, down through South Africa on this trip - having come through London & Athens on the way -

The Brigadier talk cryptic and critical gives one very little chance for constructive talk, he tears everything apart and will set out "you're wrong" or "I'm not interested in that". Bit disturbing till you get used to it.

Day is nice - well informed Scot who's won his colonelcy in this war - Norway, Tobruk &c &c

Collier - My driver

give him my age & I'd be interested,
He speaks of his Mother in Scotland
& her like interest to his - curio
collecting. He's an economist - a
friendly sort, with a slow dry
way of talking - One of the good
ones in our outfit.

Time I put down something
for the record about Collier -
my fair haired six foot - military
driver, Scotch boy - devoted to
the car - coddles it like anything -
good & careful driver - steady
as a rock. He's very full of his
religion - knows his Bible remarkably
- is a marvelous guide in this
particular city & country. He's
like a kid sometimes and gets
the greatest amusement out of
some of the most ridiculous things.
I'm terribly lucky to have such a boy

Athens - Parthenon

24

-when I think what queer old salts some army drivers are. His Major Withey of 470 Coy has asked Helen Spykowski and me to the coy dance at the Minerva Club. Maj Withey seems only too keen to be all the help he can to us - as indeed are all the military.

As I look back through these pages I realize how little I'm getting into them - Greece for instance not a word - oh well I'll include a copy of my office report - though that includes none of my ecstacy over the Parthenon - without a doubt the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in my life. Cream white stone - with brown aging on it - in proportions and designs that are superb against a grey and changing sky of late August. Could sit by the hour & gaze at it.

Nile & the Sinai desert.

Oct 13th Been wondering what colour you'd call the Nile this time of year — When I was there two weeks ago it was high - full-tide with the increased waters that had come down from the rains in the Sudan. It's a bit the colour of chocolate blanc-mange - only redder - as if that were mixed with Prince Edward Island red dirt. Best thing to call it is the bloody Nile - at this time of year.

And the Sinai desert between here and there was beautiful this last time. The sun was getting low but not yet setting - The dunes were bright orange, pink and yellow and their rims as clean cut by the wind as though chiselled - great looping scallops from the brows the thin band of white sand blowing off the knife edge.

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So often I think of Georgia O'Keefe's desert studies as I cross the desert - One doesn't see here the bones she draws though they must be about - but there's heaps of the sand dune shapes that she's caught, the colours & sky as she knows it.

Collier brought a perfectly dreadful report in on the car the other day - Monday to be exact so I phoned Major Francis and made arrangements for him to take it down to Cairo tomorrow - or last Tuesday I mean. The green army paint has to be stripped off - and a black cellulose job put on - something that will take the Jerusalem winter which has plenty of rain wind & snow. The engine has to have a complete

Business — dull —

overhaul — new bearings or a new bore or something strange and mysterious to me, but plain and simple to Collier. Then they're going to have to replace the springs so that a new kind of shock absorber can be installed. And last & least new slip covers.

So now its Friday and Collier phoned tonight from Cairo to say he'd made the trip alright in two days to be easy on the car — and that he'd a room to sleep in on the roof of Dar-el-Shifa — the Hq UNRRA in M.E. and its in Garden City in Cairo. He tells me he has a bed & table & chair & chest. and its quite comfortable & that he eats at the N.A.A.F.I. He's such a grand kid — I sometimes feel like a big sister to him!

Its to be a month before the car's ready — oh dear how

will we manage without it.
Maja Capek's arrived this week to help register the Austrians. Her trip to Petah Tikvah took overnight - but that's partly because it was a Friday, & Tel Aviv & environs - as so much of Palestine in fact, shuts up tight Friday afternoon before the Hebrew Sabbath.

I seem to have had a dose of tricky letters to write M.E.O. recently. They understand so little of the complications of this country. Emerson Holcomb wanted me to get the Pal. gov't to request UNRRA to look after all refugees that were enemy nationals & in need of assistance. Difficult to see how he can read this into Unrra restrictions - this is totally

Refugee restrictions

different from a liberated or war devastated area - most of the refugees here wanted Palestine because they were Jewish - but the Jewish Agency would never the less like to retain them as immigrants. The Pal Govt will not want to put itself on record as suggesting or requesting their removal for officially it is strict with itself in adhering to an impartial line. The Mills Commissioner of Migration says, as I've quoted before "this is a tough enough world for anybody - and they ought at least be allowed to say where they'd like to live". This is as near as they'll come to an indication of policy - and this only in private conference.

Weedy, seedy old Mr Blatchford of the America Consulate - all his life in the N.E. - brother of Mrs Dodge whose husband Bayard Dodge is president of Amer Univ in Beirut issued a dictum on how to behave in the N.E today. He was having lunch with the Terrill's at the next table - when they were leaving he stopped to tell me this. Its just as Jerome K. Jerome said - and its particularly true of Palestine:- When you stick your foot in the mud leave it there - if you pull it out you'll dirty the carpets".
Looks as though I'll really have to go round and have crackers & cheese & beer with the old batchelor some evening at six as he continues to suggest.

Franco's Consulate

Oct 25 R/ Across the road the white convertible coupé of the vice-consul for Spain in Beirut, is parked. Showy - he wears grey suede gloves to drive it - more like Montreal of a Sunday than the Middle East on any pretext. Spanish Consulate is below us at the Office - and their flag Franco's - yellow in the middle and red at the edges - if one can't say at the top, one could say at the bottom - flies over our heads many a day. The son of the vice consul here comes up quite frequently sometimes we ask him to because he speaks several languages & can interpret - sometimes because he finds some excuse to come up and see my secretary - Helen Spyakowski from Pittsburgh who is cute & chic & responsive to the boys.

I only see the consul occasionally pompous, - middle aged - rather a dull sort on the whole. But coming in and out of the building one almost invariably runs into the old concierge - stooped old fellow in a khaki uniform and a red tarbush - One day as I hurried home across the fields I saw him urinating against the wall - He saw me, too and it doesn't seem to make any difference to any of them - Arabs Jews, Black Troops - so many of them think nothing of it - Yet I suppose there's no reason why they should. Queer how different are standards.

But somehow that white car over there isn't out of place in the total picture.

Max –

I must put down something about Max Schumacher the Captain in Movements at H.Q. who has been so much help to Jerusalem Office to Nuseirat Camp previously – and before that when he was posted at Suez to El Shatt Camp. Everybody extols his work and thinks he does so much to help UNRRA.

Comes of a South African – Capetown – family though I guess originally they were German. A while back when he expected to go to England on leave he said he thought they'd likely send him to China because he spoke German. That's typical of his quick speech and turning of an idea. He has a brother, a Captain, as E.S.O. at Haifa – and a young brother whom he hasn't seen since he was 8 who's a Squadron Leader

trained in Rhodesia, seen a good deal of action & been decorated. Recently Max had a letter from him wondering why he (Max) hadn't succeeded in getting further than a captaincy, and if he needed a fiver he'd send it along. Max would give him a deal if he saw him these days.

This weekend he's away in Haifa - returning Monday to pack and be off by ship to South Africa. 3 wks down, 3 wks back, and I think about 2 mos or more there. Not been there since 1936. Came to Palestine before the war '36 I guess & will stay on here farming after. Intelligent, wide interests, level and liberal, likes music, plays squash with "Troopy," is terribly popular with all the local Jewry - young enough - 35 59 good looking, tall, dark, and he's

Still Max.

very diplomatic. He has unusual
executive ability, and a gift for
getting things done & making the people
who do it like him. I suggested
he join Unrra. He seemed flattered
& pleased - but after 6 years in
the army most men with direction
would think twice before they'd
go in for anything temporary like that.

Point of the story is this old
discrimination business.
Major Heard, head of movements,
is due for discharge and Max
should rightly be put up for the
job & the promotion. Because of
current Palestinian prospects
- there's been no decision yet -
and possible difficulties, GHQ
does not see fit to putting Max
in the job - and quite understandably.
So they're bringing Leslie Weston
up from Haifa, making him a Major -

P.S. in the
Max has
his Majority

and Murray

30

and when Max returns from leave he'll be posted elsewhere. Why they couldn't give him his majority and then have him swap jobs with a major elsewhere, goodness only knows. He's such a fine person, so competent, and well liked that its a pity somewhere in the military there isn't generosity enough to give him his due.

P.S. in Nov. Max has his majority

Max & Murray - Capt Murray Troupe from Glasgow - and I eat meals together quite frequently. The talk is pretty good - the banter between them fun - and its really not a bad little design for living. Be thin when Max leaves though for Murray isn't the man that Max is by a long shot - have to see how it works out.

Down Hebron Way -

Oct-36

Two weeks ago Sunday Weyn Rance the three Seidlers and I left the Y at 8^{30} caught the Arab bus from Jaffa Gate to Hebron. Rode half an hour and got off at a side road called Nahalin. We turned up this to the top of the hill and walked along the ridge about 2 hours or nearer three. Cloud studded sky and the quick moving shadows added a depth & richness to the stony barren landscape. We could look down on Bethlehem on Herod's Tomb - the square topped mountain, on the Dead Sea and away across to the Transjordan hills. On the other side the land spread out to the distance and in the background the Mediterranean appeared blue as could be. Never before saw such a view in Palestine - side to side of it.

Talks

Oct 26th/45

I've promised to speak on UNRRA at the Y Forum next Tuesday the 30th at 6^{30} Tho Terrell asked me a month or more ago when I was newly returned from the Peek flight and could fill him up with tid bits of interest from that adventure. He has labelled my talk "War Scattered Millions" - and I suspect its quite true I can talk about all the varieties conditions and nationalities of displaced persons. But I must also get enough into the speech to tell what UNRRA's about - that after all is the reason I subject myself to the tension and horror of such a job - for I know my limitations and I am not a speaker. But there are some things that should be said and I must make myself do it.

That too is the reason I have

also succumbed to Dr Ollendorf's invitation to tea and a round table discussion with the Jerusalem Council of Social Workers the following day. Information about UNRRA is so scant hereabouts that I really think I shall be able to make both talks very basic and elemental which will make it easier for me. I'm writing it out longhand and hope not to read but to remember most of it.

Major Withy took long enough over it but finally had two signs painted for us - One too large by far so I had the soldiers take it back - Then came a cable from Gifford & Holcomb saying they were coming up - so I phoned for the sign to be put on the balcony high enough that it wouldn't look

so big - the soldiers brought it back
& put it up and it looks quite well
- not at all too big for that location
though it would have seemed
enormous by the front door. Meantime
another military division is making
us a smaller one to be ready
next week - now what do I do
use both - or remove which one
- we shall see.

We undid the three paraffin
stoves at the Office today - or at
least Mohamed & the girls did
- and when I returned from an
appointment they had discovered
Major Francis in Cairo had sent
us a rug - quite a nice one -
which they had put down in
my Office and were billing and
cooing about. We certainly
exude pride in the place - it's
quite the nicest Aurora Office!

The Greek Gal in the Patriarchate Convent –

Oct 26th The appointment I'd been keeping was with Sgt Mitchell of the C.I.D. of Palestine Police. He has the job of looking after the foreigners newly entered into the Old City. His office is in the Citadel so he said on the phone – actually it's upstairs in a big rambly old place across the road, up a covered alley way, – to the left a few yards after you enter Jaffa Gate. Anyway I found him without much difficulty.

They'd written from El Shatt Camp down near Suez, that before Nuseirat Camp, near Gaza here in Palestine, had closed one of the Greek girls Anna Mangou had run off with a Greek Air Force Officer to live in the town of Gaza – she hadn't returned by the time the camp closed and all the remaining refugees had been moved to El Shatt – and her family were

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concerned that she had not yet come back to be repatriated with them. Sgt. Mitchell says he went to see her yesterday - for she's moved up to Jerusalem - and that she's living in the convent next door to the Greek Patriarchate, she's dressed as a novice and is assisting a blind nun there. Police are content to leave her there till our next move which will be from Jerusalem and Tel-Aviv on Nov 15th. I trust she goes willingly - and not through the pressure they have to bring on her.

Korfias family will be going then too - and we won't be sorry. Their 11 yr old son was in a bad car accident at Nuseirat shortly before it closed. He was put in Sarafand 12th General Hospital

The Koopias family

and his parents & brothers & sister were allowed to stay on in Jerusalem at 5 £.P. a week for four weeks. The boy's partially paralyzed & will be in hospital some months before he can go home to ~~[illegible]~~ the Dodecanese. He'll be moved by hospital coach about the same time we move the family by rail - He to the Suez General & they to El Shatt. The father is a priest - ignorant though he speaks excellent English - plausible and begging - He's had Mavrides of the consulate call me - and the pleading some of the old world people can do is amazing - P.S. he was a goldarned nuisance before we finally got rid of them

Hap says a white material wrapped around an effendi's tarbush or turban means he's made the pilgrimage to Mecca and thus

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therefore he is a Hadji

I invited Sheik Salman Al Kalifeh to dinner the other evening and Grace Edwards the American missionary teacher from Aleppo— He arrived in his full robes and beautiful embroidered kashmir kaffieh and caused quite a commotion in the dining room. How did I know he was going to be considered as anybody nearly so important — he's simple enough really. American University at Beirut and studying law heading for. But his father is the Emir of the Bahrein Islands in the Persian Gulf — and they seem to have endless means. He has told us of his father's trip to the U.S. of his meeting F.D.R. of the wonderful time they gave him World's fair & all, and the album

Sheik Salmon

he's got of pictures &c. Grace tells
me Sheik Salmon also has one
– and that practically every picture
has Sheik Salmon in it! But that
he also has some of himself, his
father Ibn Saud, Amir Abdullah
&c &c. They're quite a big family

One night last week she gave
a hamburger supper for him
down at Colonel Altounyan's
house – Mrs A was there though
the Col's in England. Supper was
very good – nearest to an American
meal I've had in quite a while
hamburgers, salad, beer,
fruit salad & meringues & coffee.
Mrs A. paints and beautifully
too – lovely bits of N.S. landscape
and colouring – would like to
go back & see them more closely
& in daylight. She is the daughter

The Hungarians - "enemy nationals"
so we can't help them

Oct 17 We've had a lot of Hungarians in to see us recently. And tonight several we were interested in the fact that they are all young single men 25 or younger to 35. They are, as usual, Jewish and all eager to go home. Most are employed. Their stories are all similar. Authorities deported great numbers of them as enforced labor to Jugoslavia. They escaped from the camps & with Tito's partisan help escaped back to Russian zone & sometimes to Roumania sometimes to Turkey. Jewish Agency reps got hold of them gave them certificates to Palestine told them that on these they could stay in Palestine till after the war and then return to Hungary. Miss Tauber talked to some today whose story was as above - and like some I heard the other day. One was

that really pretty upset at the idea of any J.A. rep using certificates so lightly for she knows of course that they aren't transferable & once used & relinquished they are lost. Besides she is still trying to believe, what I have long since given up believing that the J.A. is a reputable organization. It isn't - its political pure & simple - its not interested in Zionism as a religious cause - its not interested in human beings as such - only in numbers and in the attainment of a Jewish State because they have started to attain it - not because its what they really want. the fall of Nazism & fascism in Europe represents the 11th hour for the Zionists and they are plumb plain frantic to realize their statehood before this bogey of internationalism that's afoot changes world opinion towards them.

Tony Smith - Flying Officer

Think I'll write to Tony Smith one of these days - He's a tragic boy. A F/O in the RAF from Montreal - blonde with big heavily lashed blue eyes - a winning kid. He knocked at Dr and Mrs Watson's door one Sunday in Cairo when Ruth & I had been invited home after church for supper. I had Bob's letter from the South Pacific along because the Watson's son is out there on a ship. After supper we sat around a fire of cottonseed bricks in the fire place - this was last March - and I read the letter aloud. Tony was terribly interested - and after we'd talked and chatted a bit we got up to go home. Dr W. took Ruth home but Tony walked me back to Mrs Weston's where I was staying. He wanted to talk - and talk he did. Seems he's been in the war since the beginning first as a gunner then as

a Bomber pilot. His father was in the Navy last war - ended up a Commander, dropped his rank to go on a destroyer which was lost and so was his father in the battle of the Scharnhorst. Shortly after that his youngest brother was killed in a motor accident in Montreal. His Mother died of sadness & old age. His work took him to South Africa where he married a girl from Missouri, (in the Amer Consulate there in S.A.) who caught one of these foreign diseases and died. And lastly he'd heard the only remaining member of his family a brother had been killed as a paratrooper at Arnheim. So Tony had made up his mind he could and should volunteer for flying in Burma and on the strength of that was off to Britain on leave & for reassignment. Little one could say to him but just

to listen as we walked through the quiet shadowy streets in Cairo, Kasr-el-Doubara district. We stood in the gaunt entrance way talking a bit - he didn't seem to want to go - such a kid and so lonely - then he asked if I'd have lunch before his plane at 2 tomorrow.

I got to the terrace at the St James Restaurant first and sat there in the warmth of the March sun when in and up the steps bounded Tory - his horizon blue suiting him & his eyes so well - and making such a perfect background for the transparent box he held with the most beautiful Spring violets for me. Bless his heart we sat there talking and dilly dallying as long as possible - I'd brought him notes for B & W's in London & he promised to look them up - -

more forward-looking

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Time of time came and I made him hurry off in his taxi to the air-port - He said he'd write - and he did - one of the loveliest letters I have ever had - idyllic in a way.

And Q & Weno both wrote Tony'd been in and out of London, up to Scotland, away on duty, back on leave - stayed a week and more at Weno's - went dancing with you Diana & Rosemary & Q, and fitted in beautifully, thawed out and warmed to it all and seemed to relax a bit. Q. remarked he was almost too thoughtful - Then he left and not a line has he written any of them - Aunt Lil's up in high dudgeon over it - no bread & butter letter. But Weno's merely concerned what happened to him. He gave me an address of friends in Scotland - I do think I'll write - too nice a kid to run adrift -

Statistics - Ain-Karem

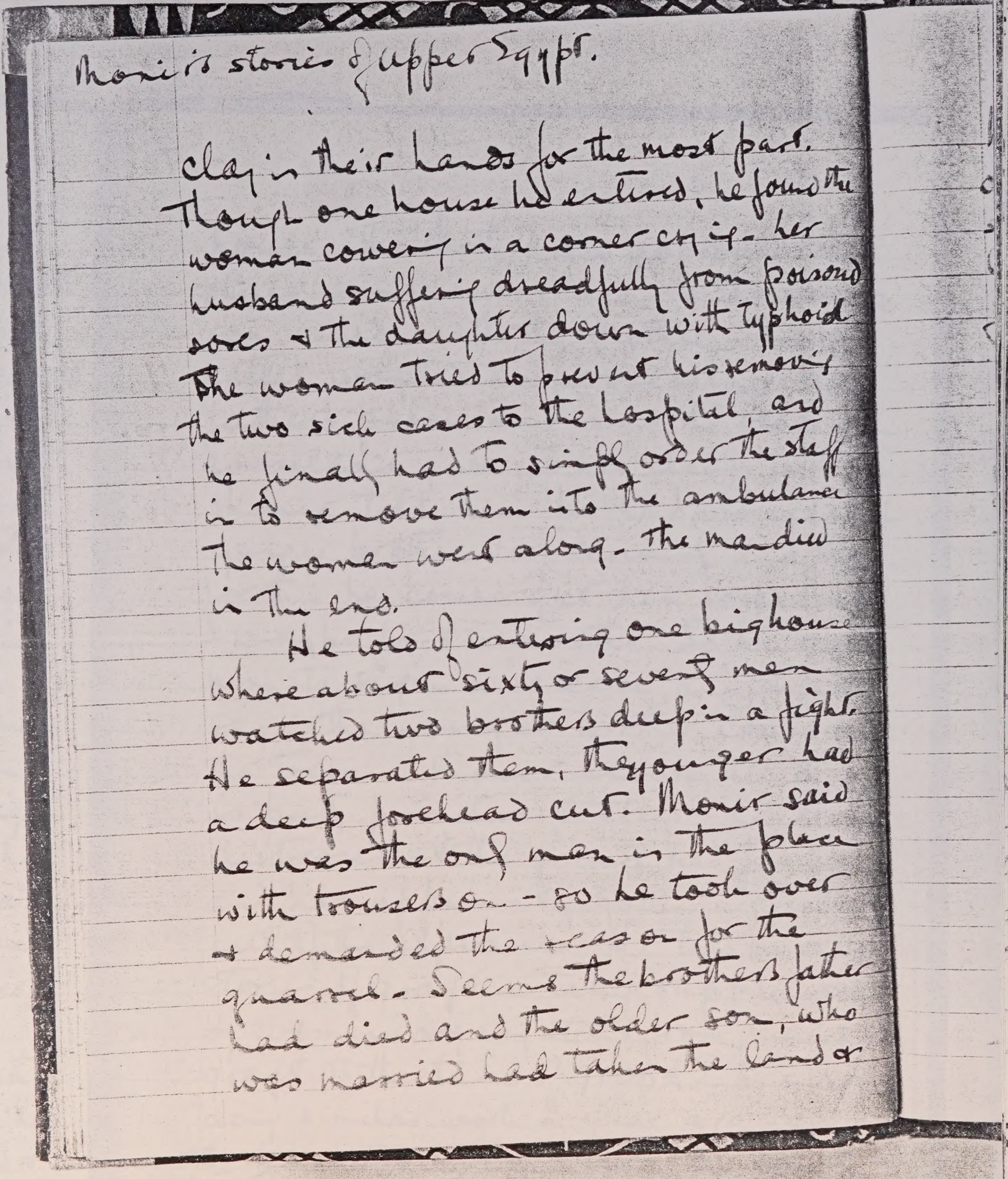
Oct 25 1945 The Review of the Palestine Press today quotes an Arab paper which says its quoting figures issued by the Vaad Leumi - Jewish Agency, that there are 150,000 Jews who wont change their passports for Palestinian ones - in other words wont take out citizenship.
56 000 are supposed to be Polish
17 000 are said to be German
10,000 from the Yemen.
Wonder if its true - I dont doubt it

Miss Holland at lunch, that Sunday Mrs Tauber + I walked to Ain Karem and ended up at the Holland-Thompson cottage in the Russian compound, told us about going to a Moslem wedding where the bride was dressed in white satin western style and had a silver + brilliants star on her headdress which had electric lights in it - In her hand the switch + she turned it on every time a guest arrived

Nov 9th

Cairo -

Nov 9th - Had dinner with Monir in Hati's restaurant - on the roof - I let him order since its Arab food - & he did very well. Gee I still get a bang out of him -
This time he's full of stories of his medical work in Upper Egypt. His area has been across the river from Luxor - between there & the Valley of the Kings. He's been working with the Rockefeller Institute people on their anti malarial program. Apparently this is the second year they've been at it, so most of the cases were relapses. He had a truck, driver & crew to help him and covered an enormous area daily - giving out atabrine and treating cases, as well as examining & diagnosing - found several typhus cases which the authorities commended him for reporting. He says the prestige of the doctor up there is tremendous & that the people look up to them & are



Monir's stories of Upper Egypt.

clay in their hands for the most part. Though one house he entered, he found the woman cowering in a corner crying - her husband suffering dreadfully from poisoned sores & the daughter down with typhoid The woman tried to prevent his removing the two sick cases to the hospital and he finally had to simply order the staff in to remove them into the ambulance The woman went along - the man died in the end.

He told of entering one big house where about sixty or seventy men watched two brothers deep in a fight. He separated them, the younger had a deep forehead cut. Monir said he was the only man in the place with trousers on - so he took over & demanded the reason for the quarrel - Seems the brothers father had died and the older son, who was married had taken the land &

house. The Mother disapproved the older son's marriage - & the younger son sided with the Mother - the two latter wanted the possession of the father's palm trees, and the older son wouldn't give up his claim to them. Monir told him he had wounded his younger brother very seriously and that for this he could get him locked up - maybe for six months. So he got him to sign a release, and a note saying the younger brother could have the trees. Monir knows all this is pretty primitive tactics - he seems distressed at the poverty he's found, and has apparently gotten a great deal out of the experience. He told me endless stories of graft in taking supplies sent by womens organizations from Cairo - graft to the tune of 1000 £.E. by a dr doing similar work a year ago - and about the fellaheen's love of "shots" in the country - They beg for them in some instances.

Dinner with 2 Sheiks

Nov 11 Last night Grace T. and I had dinner with Sheik Salman & Hassein Yateem down at the Villa Rose Marie. We began with Scotchs in their room, had a good dinner and then went on talking upstairs again. Sheik Salman is the fourth of eight sons and four daughters of the Emir of the Bahrein Islands – pictured in Life Magazine last June! – He & Hassein figured out how many wives his father had – and concluded it was three only. Their attitude was that the woman was merely the means to the end. Hassein went on to say he was persuading Sheik Salman to only have one wife – which he has & a ten mos daughter – and the Sheik said he agreed – that it was really the only way to have any domestic life – Hassein has one wife and four

children - he must be about 32 or 3
He accompanied the Emir to the US
in '39 & was arrested by the Italians
who were sore because he wouldn't
try to promote Mussolini's fascist
ideas to the Prince he was escorting.
Hassein has the agency for a great
many American companies on the Bahrei
islands and apparently does rather
well financially - He asked Grace
if she knew the Air Motor Company
in Chicago - his father had had their
office in B. Islands & had sold all
the windmills the islands had, from
this company! Illinois windmills in
Persia! He now has motor cars,
tobacco, clothing, movies - a host of Amer
products. We were shown Sheik
Salmans Kaffies from India -
beautiful square shawls in cashmir
(which he says is made from down) and
heavily embroidered. I was afraid

7. to admire them too much - for if you do, they are supposed to give you whatever it is you're admiring. But they really were exquisite. Then Grace asked Hassein about Bahrein pearls - & they say it's true is the world's greatest source of pearls. He produced a dog eared envelope with three in it - and at the end of the evening we were asked to toss for them which we finally did she saying heads & she got the large & I the two small pearls! quite lovely really even though not perfect.

Nov 11th Had dinner with Col. Sir Giles Isham tonight - principally in regard to work. He's a bit our family type man - good brain - not particularly conventional - even a bit crude in spots but rather likeable and stimulating to be with.

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A Sunday Tea

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I went to Col Altounyan's for tea - He is big & shambling - she petite & a bit subdued or bedraggled. They have a big old house in Katana & they had a young Mr & Mrs Jabri there who are delightful. She is quite good looking - and talked like a torrent on everything.

Seems her family, which is vast, is one of the strongest political units or phalanxes in northern Syria. At the time of the revolt agst the Turks they were very strong & active. Her father was exiled to Geneva - where she was brought up till she returned to Junior school in Beirut. From there to Vassar & to graduate work at Berkeley - at which places she was made a great fuss over as being such a novelty - an Arab girl, a moslem - well its to be imagined what a sensation it would cause on an America campus

The Jabiri's

They talked of Aleppo - of the denghi fever from sandflies - of the women & children having to sit in the cemeteries because there are no parks, swings between tombstones, swarms of black robed women sitting or walking among the graves. Mr Jabiri says they have secured one park area near the Baghdad station, a second in the worst section - & that it was like pulling teeth to get it because they don't think the people will appreciate or leave it undamaged - same statement as NY Public Housing Authority hears from its powers that be. He is accomplishing examination of the drinking water daily by the new city lab - including the "Bonnefontaine" or public water source in centre town - they've opened clinics & are planning housing. Very encouraging things to hear - but he decries the French & their control very heartily. Superficial tastes & culture with no interest in

helping the people - even deliberate attempts to keep them down & in ignorance. The Col pointed out that it was their presence that had unified the Arab community moslems & christians - they found it hard to agree.

She's a terrifically fast talker full of bright ideas & moves from Salvador Dali & his Lord & Taylor windows at the time he published his book, to a discussion of the limitations for moslem women. Thing she experiences most, now that she's returned from the west to the east - is being considered as a woman - and not as a person any longer. Men don't look on the female as anything more than just a woman - whereas elsewhere she had learned to be appreciated as a person in her own right. Somewhere between the two, I would say, comes a balance of the two points of view - for I deplore the barrenness of the western as she does the limits of the eastern.

Decision on Palestine -

Nov 14 + 15 - 45

So much has happened yesterday and so far (siesta time) today that it's wrong I didn't begin making notes earlier. Nov 13 Mr Bevin made his announcement in the House on Palestine, and Mr Shaw the Officer Administering the Government, met first with Arabs officials and then with Jewish to read them what the decision was - a long and considered statement, as it turned out, which to be sure pleases neither side, but which discloses to the world much of the background + difficulties surrounding the case, though it says not a word of the dreadful fascist tendencies that are known to any one living here. The 13th also Col Hiv upstairs Office called from Cairo saying that because Thurs the 15th was a Moslem feast day UNRRA was having a holiday.

I explained we were moving refugees Czechs, Italians, & a few Greeks that day - but that the staff would get compensation leave when we could.

Bright & clear as usual recently & Wednesday morning Mohamed arrived at the office on his donkey & with his baskets - he'd planned to buy foods while in town to take home for the feast in his village. At noon Helen took snaps of him with his filthy donkey. Luggage for the refugees was moving 9 to 10 on Wed. and Mrs Tauber had gone in the car with Collier to Jaffa to load the van for the people in Tel-Aviv. By 9^{45} Maja Capek phoned from the RTO's office at Jerusalem station that the stuff there was all aboard. The Czechs are certainly responsible people. She came to the office and with Dr Seidler went to the Czech

more forward-looking is

Details of the days 14th & 15th -

mission to get rail warrants signed for the medical team. Then she caught her taxi to Haifa - and though none of us say anything about it, we all have our fingers crossed that tomorrow's move will come off alright. Movements phoned during the am that the trip Jerusalem to Lydda Junction would be by road since the number of engines for the railway trains since the organized attack on railways two or three weeks ago is insufficient for them to keep this line running. The people will be moved in trucks therefore - the hour by road being the only advantage - against 2 1/2 by train.

The afternoon of the 14th Wed was declared as a strike by the

Jewish community - and when Collier called for me in the car I had him drive me up through town on the way to the Office - Closed up tight - and people out sauntering with children & baby carriages - sitting on Park benches - in holiday mood there was no evidence of protest anywhere. The guns or blasts at 2.20 & 2.30 were a salute at the beginning of the Moslem holiday.

Back at the Office at 4^{30} things went fairly calmly. Mr Kafias the Greek priest came to get final assurance that it was alright for him & his family, & hospital case son to move down to El Shatt camp & Suez 13th General respectively. He is a whining old critter, but I believe the similar story from all of us, he

MO in Cairo, CO in Sarafand, the Gk Consul under my exhortation & the local patriarch have finally got it through his thick head that he will be nearer his child & not pushed off to the Dodecanese right away - if he goes to camp.

The Czech med team with visas for Egypt expiring on Thu 22 decided to disagree as to whether or not they should go with this move. Those in Jer. & Haifa want to - those in T.A. to postpone. Luckily the Vice-Consul & temporary chief of Repatriation Mission is too limp to take responsibility - or perhaps its the precariousness of the Mission that makes him that way - anyhow I had been firm with him the day before & as a result the T.A. team members phoned to say they'd changed their

mind and could they go Monday. Movements, as usual, have fallen in line & are willing to provide Transport by truck or train to Lydda & on to Egypt.

So the girls were busy with nominal rolls, special case records, rail warrants, movement orders, letters to M.E.O. on various bits of vital information - all the paraphernalia that goes with these moves. Collier returned from getting the mail with a box of cakes & we had coffee & got into a discussion of what makes a leader & how to combine sufficient orientation in a difficult problem like Palestine with enough direction to accomplish anything. Ben Gurion & his dynamic violent magnetism - vs. Weizman & his measured, wise statesmanship F.D.R. & Churchill & Attlee & Truman &c & back towards Menachem Begin & his Irgun Zwai Leumi

We called it a day at 7^{30} and Collier drove us home as usual. I went down to dinner here in the Y. and the young American Sgt. who works as radio operator at the Consulate asked me to sit with him - He's covered most of Africa the Balkans, Turkey, the Ukraine Persia - is bored with it all & wants to go home to Cincinnati. He was devoid of any comment on the current affairs here - wishes it were over so's he could go home.

I had sat with Maj. Heard & Capt. Troup (Murray) after lunch for coffee - they are glad the States is to have part responsibility in the thing, think the procrastination of a decision too bad from the point of view of the troops who've been around these parts 4 to 6 years - that some other estimate than that of the Jewish

Agency on the number of Jews who want to come here from Europe is certainly a smart if obvious idea, and that they hope things continue quiet as they are this morning.

So anyway Ohio Sgt Bill asked did I drink & I said on occasion, & we were on the way out the door, when Helen turned up in the lobby. She'd been stood up by her date - Georges Palmer of Associated Press - because of a hurry-up call to get to Tel Aviv because the Jews were blowing up the Government buildings. So she came along & we went to the K.D. bar and no sooner was I in the door that Col Sir Giles Isham steps up and says would I come see him and the new Brigadier - Rowe by name - tomorrow at 11. He's a bit

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Professor Brownish is type - but I've spoken of him before - He's very cordial. Mr. Matharroum the Arab lawyer who'd asked me to dinner last night, then tonight, was in the corner - but he spoke. Mr Quilliam of the London Times was with the Col. and came over to ask if he might come to the office to see me - lean & older Englishman very nice. I was glad young Helen was along with the Sgt otherwise they might think I was cradle snatching.

So we had a couple of Scotches and discussed mainly the class barriers that exist in the Amer. consular service abroad. And I wondered whether tomorrow's move would be able to come off alright - and whether maybe now some people would believe

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The Curfew

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it was wise to get out, if they want to go at all. Helen's report made me anxious about the chances of our getting those in Tel Aviv away with the refugee move -

And sure enough next morning the "Post" announced a curfew on residents of T.A. beginning at 10 pm ~~last~~ night Wednesday - and until further notice. The minute I got in the office I phoned Maj. Haselwood in the DSO's office and asked what we could do to pull them out of the city. He put me on to 21st area - OQ and Security - They poor things were so busy they couldn't help me so instead of taking their suggestion to call the Town Major - I called my old friend Giles - Chief of Pal Police - He wasn't in yet, but then his second said he'd get in touch & call me back - could we furnish

the move, Czechs Italians &c.

nominal rolls - which we could -
So while he was finding out I got on
to Movements - who said it was
unlikely there'd be any trains from
T.A. to Lydda Junction - so it seemed
pretty discouraging. Then came a
call from one of the Czechs, Braun,
- he & his family & some others
had moved to Jaffa to avoid any
difficulties - spent the night there
and were ready to go - bless 'em.
Could he help me get any others
- if I'd send a military truck he'd
guide it to all the Czech addresses
- said I'd call him back. Munroe
called, no go they couldn't get
news through to all their offices
in time to let them allow those
with our identification cards to
move. Movements layed on two
trucks - reporting RTO Jaffa at 10 oc
& at 2 oc - then I couldn't reach

Braun - no hope T.A. lines jammed. Then I told Mrs Tauber she should leave with Collier at 11^{30} instead of 12^{30} which rather threw that orderly & methodical soul. Dr Seidler had been in and his child was deathly ill again with that queer disease she has - so we offered to take Mrs S. & the youngster down to Lydda in the car - we phoned to change the time - Movements called that T.A. was out of bounds - and that army vehicles would be unable to go there - That meant they'd send one truck at 2 o'c to take those who could get to Jaffa to the train in Lydda by road. The phone kept busy - people wondering whether we could still send them away & so on - At eleven I had the appt with Col. Isham to meet the Brigadier & discuss the broad

HQ Palestine –

program of UNRRA's activities in Palestine & Levant States! Collier took me over to HQ, but I must say after the morning of uncertainties and readjustments and the general atmosphere of tension & jitters that pervades I wasn't feeling particularly geared to what might be needed. But one doesn't offhand break a date with a Brig! Haselwood met me & took me to Col Isham – Maj Prendergast came in – we talked Austrians & their predicament – we talked Jewish Agency teams & the idea of their going to Europe as "welfare" workers when actually they are really reps of the J.A. to secure more poor deluded immigrants.

Then the Col took me to the Brig's office – decent sort – plain, active, busy, no side – Said he'd known UNRRA in Greece & did I know

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two Canadian girls - home - Mary Henderson & her friend & of course I answered Heather Kilpatrick - he talked distribution of supplies by army vehicles there - said he'd also run across UNRRA in Austria & Czechoslovakia - Good background from my point of view - he's sympathetic - So I said our job here was mainly repatriation - gave a bit on the Greeks - the Czechs the oddments - the enemy nationals - the Poles - & the Austrians - those the highlights - but it was meaty for both of us and I think if I need his help I'll be sure to get it - He is well liked among his officers - known for his record of accomplishment and is pretty active -

I walked back to the office & sent Helen down to the station

Tel Aviv-

to be with the people - arriving by twelve & after. At one I shut up shop and followed her. Five Trucks - one for luggage & the rest took the people from the centre. We got them loaded by two and came to the Y. for lunch.

Nov 16th - The hoodlums in T. A. seem to have done considerable damage - Paper reports it at 200,000£P. or $800,000. There were 3 deaths & 70 hurt. Since the deaths & injuries are low and the damage so great it indicates great restraint and good sense on the part of Police & military. "All my officers & men have been instructed to use the minimum of force necessary. It's an unpleasant job for all of us and we don't like doing it. When we do have to fire we pick the ringleaders - Brigadier Lathbury OC third Paratroop Brigade.

[illegible] Hanoi

To be with the people — [illegible] by teaching [illegible]. We [illegible] that [illegible] and followed her [illegible] [illegible] for [illegible] with the [illegible] [illegible] the people [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] by [illegible] [illegible] to the [illegible]

The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of 200,000 [illegible]

[illegible]

throwing rocks, setting fires, tearing up moveable objects, like barricades & railings at the railway station - setting fire to trucks & vehicles - general vandalism - not much sense to any of it. There was a mass meeting in Jerusalem, after which the crowd broke up peacably a few tried to start something in Zion square but it didn't last long - I wonder if they're catching on - beginning to realize they aren't doing their cause any good.

I went to see Mr Robert Graves this morning - head of the Dep't of Labour Pal. Gov't - to make some preliminary inquiries about the additional data I need on the Poles. The Foreign Office has asked London UNRRA to take them on - On what basis - & what it will mean to UNRRA is what I have to find out - for my area.

Finding facts on the Poles.

Mr Graves is such a nice elderly person
Big tall sad man in a big tall
gaunt office - very lacking in animation
- very well informed in his field -
very socially conscience & progressive
in his work - He exemplifies again
what I've found in numerous senior
government officials here. Good
solid conscientious people - maybe
not always as progressive as younger
men, or men in an area of greater
contacts & pressures might be -
but good people trying very hard
to do things for Palestine. He wants
me to see "my government" meaning
Newton who is in charge of Polish Affair
in the Secretariat.

He mentioned that 750 more
Polish Jews had in recent months entered
Palestine & that the Polish Delegati ha
asked him to include them on their
lists - H.M.G. is acting 88.000 £P. u

Newcomers to Palestine

month to the case of Poles in Palestine. Since Jewish organizations had brought them here they approached the JA, to take this responsibility and again the answer was a refusal. Same old story till one tires of hearing it - 2 weeks in Athlit - the Jewish reception camp - and turned loose on the country with 7 £.P. & no more. Yet Truman has the gol darned nerve to ask for 100,000 certificates, and the squeal that goes up when Britain says 1500 is what the country can handle is awful. Mrs Tauber tells me her German Jewish friends are very critical of the Agency - and that they have been insisting 100 persons a month is all Palestine can possibly handle and give any sort of an adjustment jobs for them. And yet look at the pressure, the coercion that's used on my

poor refugees once they've shown their hand that they want to go home. the discrimination that Jews can hand out to Jews is enough to pale Gestapo treatment - since it has a personal and emotional basis. Jews who are here & want to stay - know that there are shortcomings & difficulties here - know that the "national home" is not successful in many respects - mistakenly believe that were they to have a numerical majority their status as a state would be secure & they can't bear to see any one of their number leave. I guess it behooves me to put in a bit about the Austrians.

Six weeks ago Holcomb said London had given us the green light on the Austrian registration for repatriation - that was good news for there were many coming in to

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the Office quietly to inquire. Holcomb said London had by cable endorsed his interpretation of the area in which displaced persons were found to need liberated territory as synonymous with United Nations territory & that since we were repatriating Austrians from countries inside Europe presumably it would be ok from Palestine. So on the basis of the cable from London we went ahead.

The Reps of the Free Austria Movement & the Friends of Austria Society estimate that there are 1500 who wish to return from Palestine to Vienna - almost without exception Jews. We registered over the first ten days or two weeks - 135 and of these about 40 were needy cases who were to go to El Shatt camp for care & maintenance prior to

The Austrians

their repatriation. Gibbons arrival here on a day that Maja Capek was due to leave for Haifa to register Czechs & Austr was the means of the veto. She told me that London had cabled Washington after theirs to NEO to get confirmation & that W. had taken the legalistic approach rather than the liberal & vetoed it. She said Cairo had had a cable a week or so before her arrival and should have let me know.

So there we were with a disappointment for a great many – real hardship & difficulties for a few. The forty to 70 on Nov 15 had given up their jobs, their rooms or flats, and had ceased to make a secret of the fact that they wanted to go home! Since all Jewish workers in Pal – almost all – are members of the Histadruth – the Jewish labour organization covering all occupations

these people are promptly blacklisted, and from then on out it doesn't matter where in Palestine they move there is no hope of their getting a job. The Sochnut - or J.A. meal ticket agency - for the destitute has the same attitude and just as it wouldn't give milk to a Jewish woman getting off the ship from Mauritius for her baby - because she was going to Museirat and then going home to Europe - so these people now do not receive meal tickets for food because they are "Traitors". In the settlement called Petah Tikvah things have reached a pretty serious state - there are only seven there who had signed up for the 10th but they have been in to tell me that they are being victimized to a rather alarming degree. Two of them were beaten up, all

more forward-looking is

are greeted with the upraised arm and "Heil Renner go home Austrian" shouted at them - they stay in after dark - but where they're going to stay after the 15th they don't know - they never move except in 2s or groups and are jeered at and made to feel as outcasts at every turn.

I've put the whole thing before the JAM executives and ~~befor~~ as much as seems wise before the newspaper men who are plentiful here these days. Mangrod from London has taken back a report and I shall keep on doing everything I can think of to help them. I sent two of them to the Dept of Social Welfare & there may be some temporary help from there, but I'm not discouraging their suggestions that maybe Pal. Gov't could ask the Colonial Office put its 2¢ worth into the basket by asking UNRRA to take them on -- they are in a very bad way - and

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one accident - despite the security precautions I have taken - would put UNRRA in a bad light. Besides its the first breach of faith this Office has had in a difficult community - I don't like any of it.

16th A procession of Arab police just passed down the street - beyond the cypresses the hedges and beyond my pink geraniums in the window box. Khaki tunics riding breeches, broad red cummerbunds + sash belts black leather gaiters, " black astrakhan hats white good looking horses, tall poles with blue and white pennants + about two dozen - + very nice to look at.

There's heaps of military about armoured cars, troop carriers, trucks tanks, jeeps, on foot, all kinds, everywhere.

more forward-looking is
thought up, the position of

A bad night

Its 1.30 and I've been awake since 12 – came to bed at 10 – and since I can't get back to sleep maybe this will help. Pity to use it as a cureall and inflict my bad moments on it. I tried reading Richard Burton's life called the Arabian Knight – but it didn't succeed in sending me back. then I've been wondering how I can get Mrs Tauber in the office to get a better sense of proportion in her work – she does everything – try as I may to give the secretarial & detail work to Helen. Ah well these Germans are determined & set in their single track ways, & she does it only because she's interested

I think it must have been the Arab boys singing that woke me – plus something I ate! There was a crowd of them on the terrace under my window they sang till the rain came. For there've been

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thought up, the position of
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two stiff showers tonight. the first rain since that heavy Monday downpour about four weeks ago. Everybody amazed at how late the rains are coming. the grey blue soft clouded night is beautiful - it makes Jerusalem's creamy stone buildings so soft & clean & it throws into contrast the tall dark cypresses. Queer eerie nervous breeze, too.

The road between Iguala and Acapulco on the Pacific is flung in great swirls and loops over round brown hills. Mexico's peons wear good blue jeans, sloppy shirts tied in a knot in front, and big straw sombreros. That day the sky was a brilliant blue - and white clouds plentiful. Up and over, and round and on and suddenly a wide gently sloping valley and the brown thatched town

more forward-looking is thought up, the position of Britain in the Middle East will

Contour architecture

Of Zumpango settled either side of the road. The wooden walls, browning straw of the roofs, and the good brown earth of their fields all around; I remember thinking what a natural colouring, what contour architecture the village had. And I've thought of it very often since I've been in Palestine – where the Arabs surpass everyone at their contour building. Rounded hilltop or stony valley – they build their square flat-topped houses – one storey – low simple – and they cluster like a natural growth wherever they settle in – Of course much of it is due to the use of local stone which blends – much of it is due to the poverty which restricts their village building to small one or two roomed units. But look what a modern ghetto is Tel Aviv beside

more forward-looking is thought up, the position of Britain in the Middle East will

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Column One

Pal.

By

David Courtney

Mr. Jon Kimche, who is probably the most level-headed political commentator in modern journalism, is in Jerusalem. His judgments on the Middle East are worth hearing and above all his view on Persia, from which country he has just arrived in Palestine. Here, then, are Jon Kimche's views on Persia in particular and the Middle East in general, as he has written them for Column One:

THE backwash of Russian policy is already making itself felt all over the Middle East. The consequences of Russian policy on Arab-British and Arab-Jewish relations are being canvassed in interested circles. For the news of events in Azerbaijan has caused nervous apprehension not only in Teheran but hardly less in Baghdad, Ankara and even further afield in the Middle East. There is increasing evidence that the Russians are taking certain Middle East minorities under their wing — and these are just those which are traditionally hostile to the existing ruling groups in the Middle East. Azerbaijan versus the Persian oligarchy in Teheran; the Kurds 200,000 strong in Iran, 160,000 strong in Iraq, and a still appreciable number in Turkey appear to be the next designated minority problem in the Middle East. And most open of all is of course the revival of the Armenian question. The Armenians in Persia have already registered as Soviet citizens; far outside the Russian zone of Persia Russian propaganda and repatriation offices appear. There are 25,000 Armenians in Azerbaijan alone. The prospect of ringing the diplomatic changes is most promising for the Russians. All this has been noted in Persia — and hardly less outside in the countries of the Saadabad Pact. There are still sufficient political skeletons in the Middle East cupboards to make more than one Russian holiday. The question has therefore been asked whether in these circumstances the Arab countries will be less hypnotised by the assumed or real dangers of Zionism and rather more concerned by the continuous rolling forward of the Russians. The only possible policy still open to the Middle East rulers under these condi-

more forward-looking is thought up, the position of Britain in the Middle East

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THERE is also another aspect of the Persian developments which has not been sufficiently underlined: the role of America. Whatever may be said in polite diplomatic society the U. S. States Department is not aligning itself uncritically with the British in a joint opposition to Russian requests. In Persia the Americans have followed the policy of accusing both British and Russians for not evacuating the country at a date which no-one knew. The Americans have addressed a request to leave Persia by January 1st. As things are this would not affect the general situation in the slightest. All the Americans have done is to demonstrate publicly that they are as much opposed to the British as well as the Russian point of view. American policy is as unclear regarding Persia as was American intervention in the Palestine Programme of the British Labour Government.

ALL this and a weak Persian Government too, go into the pool which looks like becoming a present for Russian diplomacy. There are no methods available to the British by which they can effectively oppose Russian requests: Either they go to war again — this time against Russia — which is unthinkable to the great majority of the British— but which finds a great deal of favourable comment in Persia; or the alternative is to reach a settlement between the Russians and British at Moscow. Clever manoeuvring with friendly and hostile personalities by the various allies can only intensify the differences. Next Friday's Moscow Conference will have to decide on this method. If the Foreign Ministers fail — and as war between the Allies can be ruled out — the likelihood in that case is that the main consequences of the Azerbaijan interlude will be general recognition that a new era of growing Russian influence in the Middle East is commencing.

Jerusalem, Dec. 18.

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French Consulate

the inspiration that the country alone
offers in its buildings of the "original"
people. What makes a people
build to suit the land. Why do the
houses in the Bavarian alps - stand
up brave & high, and have broad
eves to protect their stucco walls &
frescoes. In Quebec they settle in
pretty well - and the old snow roof
suggests the line of the roof shall
spread to echo a broad big land.
Interesting to compare how people build
their houses - and what will be the
effect of mass production low cost
public housing on all this artistry?

I went to the French Consulate here
today - to see Monsieur Serafini - that
is a beautiful modern 1930 building
and the offices are a befuddled, disorderly
dirty mess - files & papers all over everything
- suppose they've had no money for staff - but
that's queer here in the M.E.

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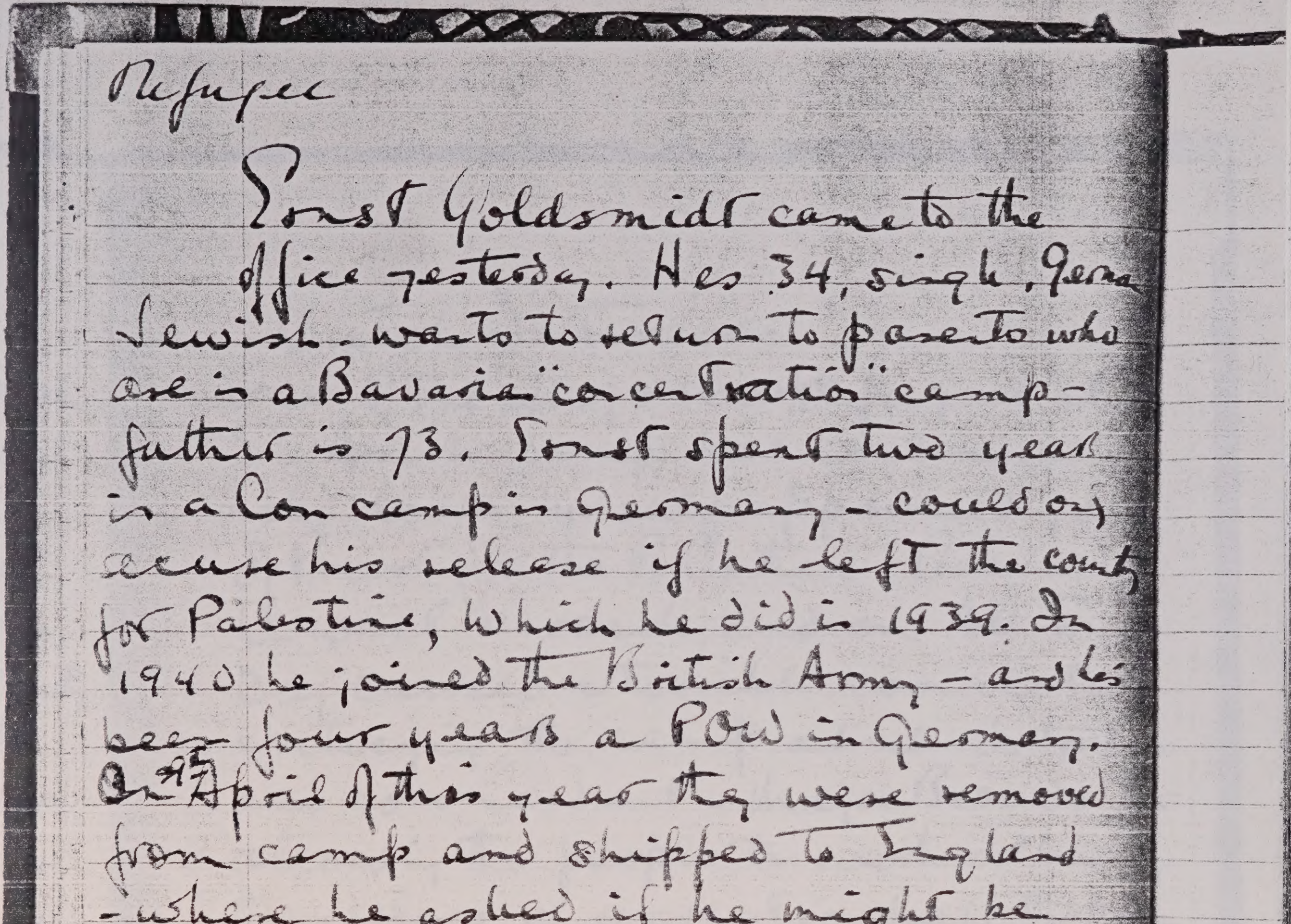

Refugee

Ernst Goldsmidt came to the office yesterday. He's 34, single, German Jewish - wants to return to parents who are in a Bavarian "concentration" camp - father is 73. Ernst spent two years in a Con camp in Germany - could only secure his release if he left the country for Palestine, which he did in 1939. In 1940 he joined the British Army - and he's been four years a POW in Germany. On 25 April of this year they were removed from camp and shipped to England - where he asked if he might be discharged in Germany. Since he'd been enlisted in Pal. he was brought here for discharge. And now he comes to ask UNRRA to help him get back and of course we can't since he's an enemy national. One of the girls said what a pity the British Army wasn't more intelligent & discharged him in Germany. Just imagine the hue & cry from the Jewish Agency if they had!

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Dutch Interior-

One of the Jugoslav refugees at El Arish camp has continued to hold down his self appointed job of Priest for the R.Cs there. Recently he went berserk, and on All Souls Day caused a terrible commotion criticizing the camp administration and commandant - Major Brouds for allowing the people to work at building themselves a recreation hall that day. Despite Brouds's efforts to have him realize that no catholic was working the man Don Cecic preached a sermon of violent wrath against UNRRA & the camp.

Brigadier Waddington asked me to go call on the Patriarch here in Jerusalem to get a substitute & if possible to have him removed. Patriarch's an old man & has recently taken to his bed as quite ill - so I had

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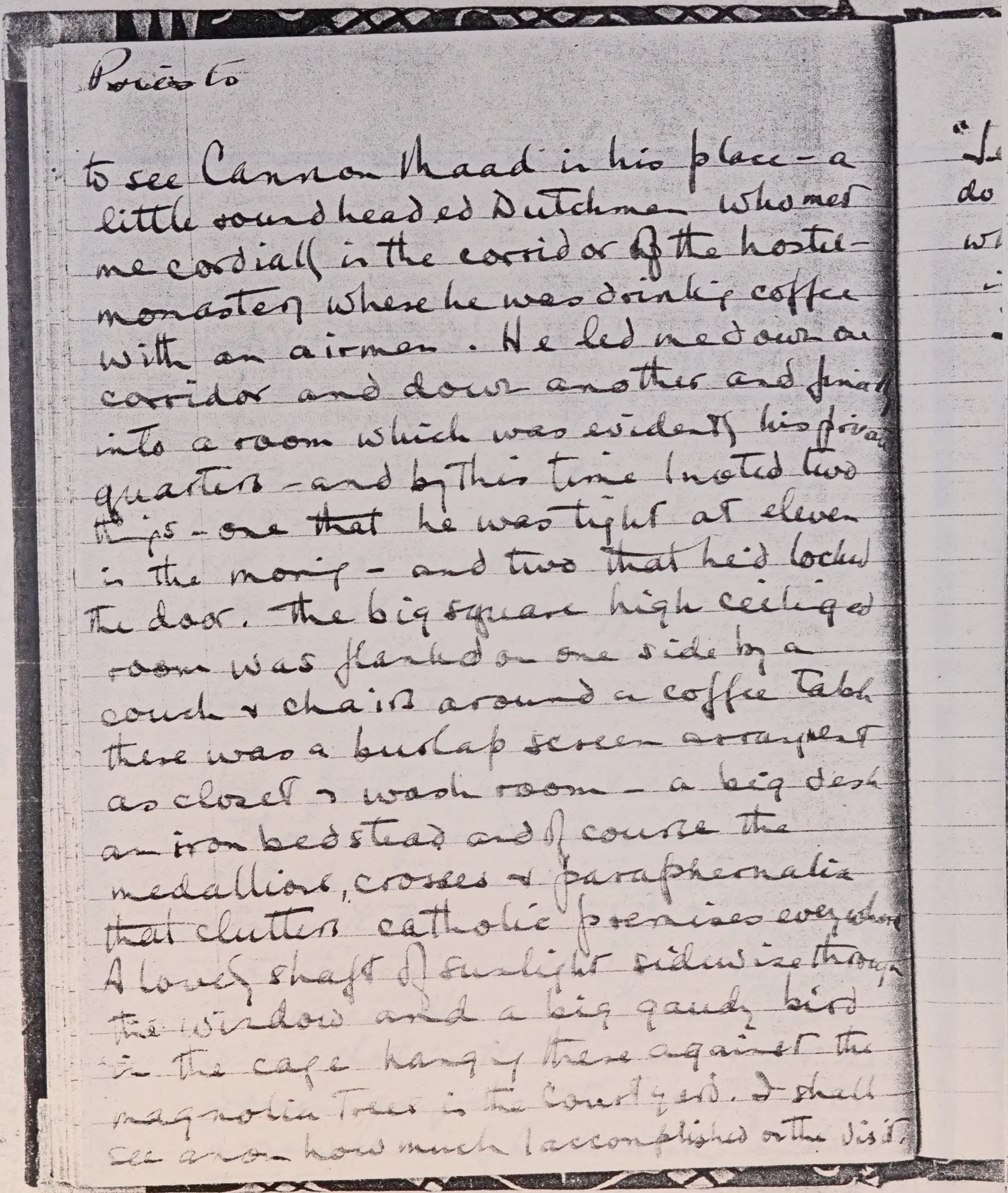

Poresto

to see Cannon Maad in his place – a little roundheaded Dutchman who met me cordially in the corridor of the hostel-monastery where he was drinking coffee with an airman. He led me down one corridor and down another and finally into a room which was evidently his private quarters – and by this time I noted two things – one that he was tight at eleven in the morning – and two that he'd locked the door. The big square high ceilinged room was flanked on one side by a couch & chairs around a coffee table there was a burlap screen arrangement as closet & wash room – a big desk an iron bedstead and of course the medallions, crosses & paraphernalia that clutters catholic premises everywhere. A lovely shaft of sunlight sidewise through the window and a big gaudy bird in the cage hanging there against the magnolia trees in the courtyard. I shall see anon how much I accomplished on the visit.

Statistics ac
59

"Jews are generally intolerant of facts which do not fit their ideas, British officials of ideas which do not fit existing facts" - Norman Bentwich in "Judea lives again"

Immigration to Palestine		to USA
1904 - 1914	15,000	1,000,000
1917 - 1924	100,000	340,000
1930 - 1939	300 000 approx	100,000

in 1945 there are 600,000 Jews in Palestine - total population is 1,800,000

Heard from an authoritative source about a Moslem from Damascus who took 35£ apiece from each of two Jewesses Went with them on the bus to border town Syria-Palestine walked from there across the border. His own people killed him with 2 shots in the stomach - & let the women go free. This was quoted as a new phase of Arabs catching an Arab traitor & meting out punishment in their own way. It was also remarked that the freeing of the Jewish women was magnanimous!

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Old City.

Nov 18 Heavy rain today. What does it mean — means no trip to Samaria and the 3000 BC ruins of Sebastia as planned. Means size & sweetness in oranges, means autumn crocuses, means we'll see if this talk of Palestine roads being very slippery is true, means the old city is not as good a place to take visitors sunlight & shadow add so much to that place. I wonder what it means to the desert arabs — to the Bedouins in goat skin black tents how dreary it must be for that lot.

Pity I can't put down a picture of the old city streets — Impossible — step, a yard, a step, a yard a step dow & down David Street with the dark little stalls on either side, [illegible] Syrian pastry in great enormous round trays — in the bla rear of the shop the door of the hot firebox for the oven throws a red glow forward & things look & smell so good. [illegible]

"know about germs" as the American nurse said.
Fruits & vegetables, green oranges, "lemons"
that are limes, okra, broad beans, vine leaves
to roll around rice, marrow, egg-plant, prickly
pears, pomegranate, wretched little apples,
enormous dates, figs, bananas from Jericho
all the variety as it happens to be in season.
Rugs - hand woven striped things from Gaza
and other desert towns, a bit like Navajos
that you buy in the west or in Mexico.
Some are gaudy, some in muted colours.
expensive. Basket shop - deep ones in all
sizes, typical kind for putting on a donkey -
Others coloured & crude. The side streets
arched over and deliberately planned
for various trades - like street of shoemakers
street of textiles &c - these were built
by the Crusaders that seven or eight centuries
ago - And shoemakers still sit on their
platforms cobbling shoes and sheep & goats
& donkeys & the great array of humanity in
Eastern garb still parades by on the flagstones

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thought up, the position of

Old City-

narrow road, and the green vines & sunlight still fall down through the sky light window at the top of the gothic arched roof - And the light and the crowd, and the mystery of it all defies description.

30,000 people living in stone buildings of kitter katter old fashioned higgledy piggledy design within the old city walls. In recent days the new city has insisted on drains & sewage installations - and in some areas there are dangling electric light single bulbs - But for the most part its a maze of side alleys, steps up, staircases, archways turnings, of window boxes, half arches, of cobblestones, congested buildings & crowds of people in all the variety of the different quarters - Armenian, Jewish, Greek, Syrian Abyssinian &c -

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Arabs forbidden

6.

The wailing wall - remnant of Solomon's temple that remained for the Jews - & against which they have wailed their loss through the ages - has always a few mourners. They stand close up, with their book out in front & read in mumbling tones while they rock forward & back from one foot to the other. Mostly Orthodox Jews of course - and that means many of the Carpatho Russian Hungarian areas - with loose soft coats below the knees, ropes at waist, black stockings & shoes, broad black felt hats flat crowned and two long curls one down either side of the head. Or Polish Silesian types with long black heavy coats, brown flat fur hats (fur like fox which makes the hat about two feet broad, flat on top) Heaps of old men with beards, women in shawls, mostly poor people.

The wall must be 40 feet high - huge oblong blocks some with Herodian flat bevelling - Bits of weeds growing in chinks -

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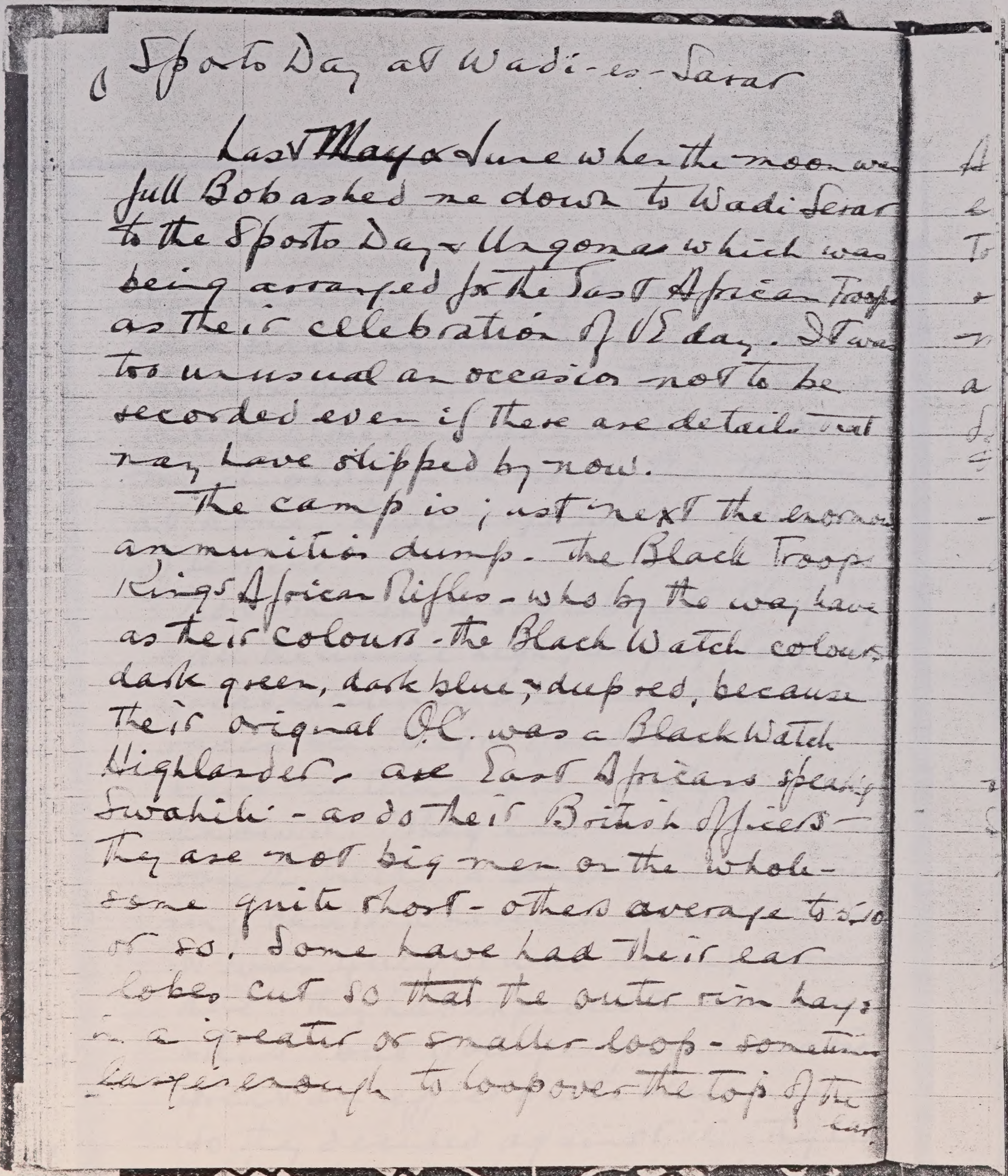

Sports Day at Wadi-es-Sarar

Last May & June when the moon was full Bob asked me down to Wadi Sarar to the Sports Day & Ungomas which was being arranged for the East African Troops as their celebration of VE day. It was too unusual an occasion not to be recorded even if there are details that may have slipped by now.

The camp is just next the enormous ammunition dump - the Black Troops Kings African Rifles - who by the way have as their colours - the Black Watch colours dark green, dark blue & deep red, because their original O.C. was a Black Watch Highlander, are East Africans speaking Swahili - as do their British officers - They are not big men on the whole - some quite short - others average to 5'10 or so. Some have had their ear lobes cut so that the outer rim hangs in a greater or smaller loop - sometimes large enough to loop over the top of the ear.

A few have had the Camp Dr. "mend" their ears since they have been away from their Tribes or communities. They have no record of their ages - and are working much older in the army than they would at home. Discharge will be on length of service.

Not much to say about Sports Day - all the usual high jumping, long jumping, great excitement over tug-o-war, sack races &c, they're good though they have no "technique" or "style" as we know it. They had the events on a big rough field - a black private carried my chair wherever I was to sit. It was queer, I was the only woman there - they had expected to ask some others - but younger gals have too great an effect on the black men - So they decided against it. They had a Highlanders band - bagpipes - as we heard them in town - grand procession

and Ungoma (Swahili for Fete or Dance Ritual) stuff - playing wonderful skirling airs. One of the blacks went into a terrific spasm - dancing about & writhing & all till his mates were told to take hold of him. Then they marched up in small units to their mess & camp on the higher hilltop - And I was terribly impressed with the way that their marching evoked a rhythmic choral chanting - different motif or tune per company - different beats - but with an incessance and a throbbing lustiness that was interesting to hear. I walked along behind with Bob's OC - great big handsome 6'4" Major charming as can be - but Bob's accounts of him leave me cold. He knows no Swahili, has no interest in the men, little in the officers - lies in bed till late - &c.

Bob & I had a drink in his big Cawnpore tent - His ~~that~~ mate Alex & some of the others dropping in &c. Then we went to an enormous marquee where they had

drinks & cold supper & sandwiches for the Officers - About fifty of them - some were guests - sitting in mess armchairs around small tables - cocoanut matting on the floor - the big tent shadowy & non reflective, because of its age, for the hanging lanterns strewn around. Moths & beetles, quiet unanimated talk, a good deal of drinking - One whole side of the tent was out - and the rolling descent of the hills spread out away beyond - and the two big bon fires picked out the black forms, black faces of the men. They'd shed their uniforms in shorts or swaddling loin cloths they were joining up in tribes and beginning to get excited over their dance - In circles in squares in huddles - in pairs, with mess tins, trays, pots & various drums and tom-toms, all kinds of reed

as homemade instruments they turned out throbbing music that was familiar to them and that had a terrific emotional effect on them. Round & round they go — bouncing on one foot — on the other — bending over each others waists — jumping up and down arms high in the air, beating the ground with their feet, all kinds of antics & gestures, of shouts and clarion calls — Each Tribe or group carried out their own particular dance — and there were hundreds of these black men reaching terrific emotional debauch on the wide rolling plain with big bonfires crackling behind and the brightening moon rising high —

Bob rolled me up in a blanket in the seat beside a British driver who brought me back to town — as he'd taken me out — He talked more than he had, he drove pretty fast, we lost the side mirror against another truck as he just cleared it on a curve

Refugee
64

Nov 19th – A Christian Austrian refugee woman told me this morning that Sochnund (J.A. relief organization that dispenses meal tickets) had told her that her case was unique, they could not give her any help because of course she was not Zionist and they couldn't give help to anybody who was non-Zionist – that was their orders – But they were sorry in her case & they thought she ought to see if there wasn't somebody else in the country who could help her. She's in a difficult place – no firm will give her work because she's not Jewish, she can't pay rates of pensions & boarding houses, her Jewish "friends", and she seems to have quite a few, won't take her in because of what the community might say of, or do to them. This is a nice country.

Again I think of what one of the Government men said. "We are trying to run a nazi outfit or country on democratic lines, and we're finding it difficult"

more forward-looking is
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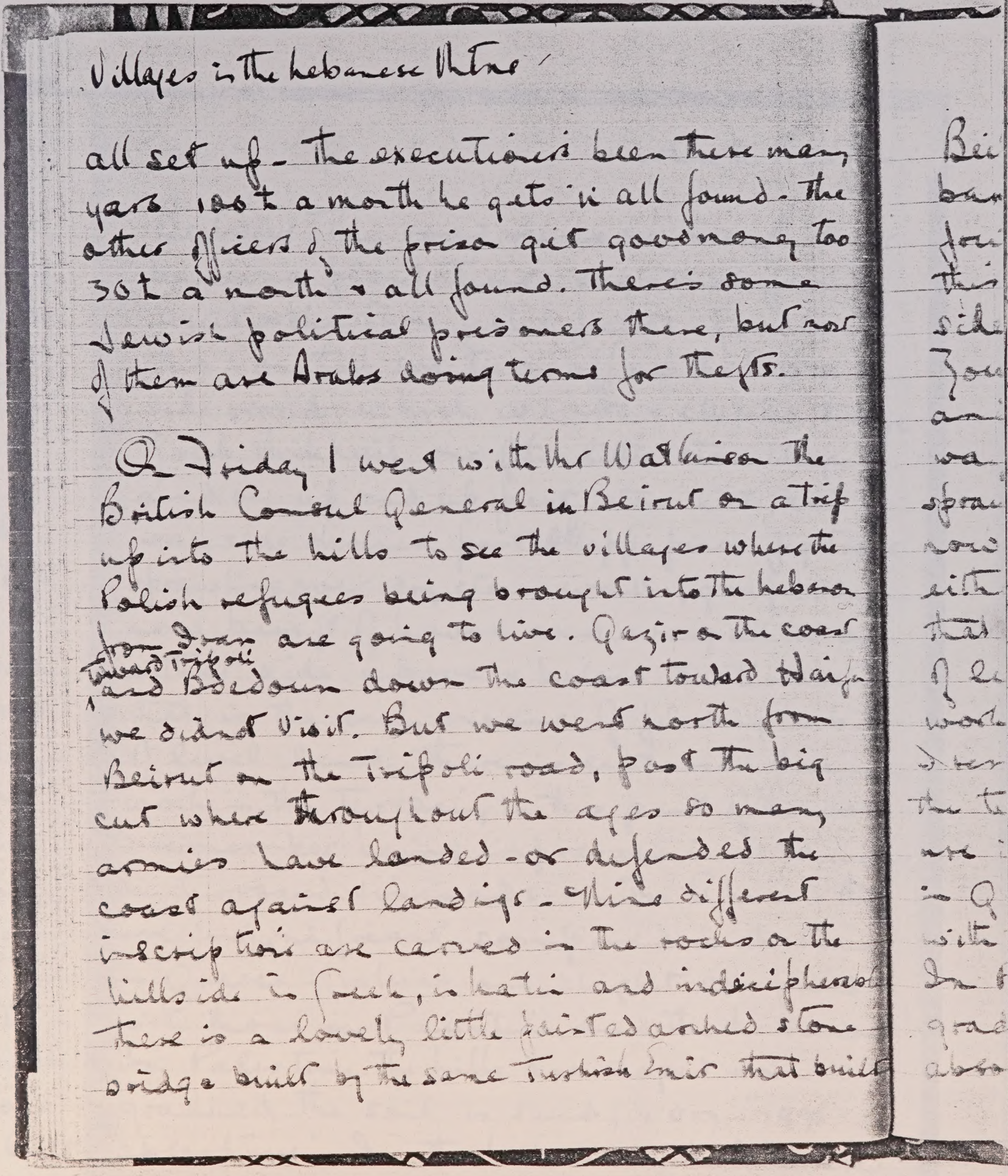
Car passengers

On Nov 22nd Collier and I took the car to Beirut. Things had reached a standstill for my part of the work in the Office. The Pal govt officials had to get their proper lines of authority cleared and in writing before I could proceed with the investigation of the Poles in Palestine. The Czech officials were still in Prague or at odds with each other. It was between moves, no need to go to Cairo for a while yet, and these darn political complications in this country had stymied my work sufficiently that I noticed I was getting irritable & frustrated. So I told Collier to get the car in shape - greased & all, that we would pull out Thursday morning at 8. As luck would have it the past four days have been perfect weather after the rains. We went thro Lydda - picked up two silent soldiers who were glad of a lift to Beirut. A third we stopped for, leaned forward to search the car for an officer to whom he should pay his respects for the lift - He did so as I opened the door on him (I always ride in front for leg

Acre Prison

trips. the seat having a shorter more comfortable depth) Anyway the car door clipped him on the nose, and he let out a stream of amused & amusing Irish talk. "Well me nose ought to be able to take it, its been three times broken while I was a boxer, but its not been hit recently as its too old I am to box". The car became alive with his chatter. He's on duty at the Acre prison where they have some six hundred inmates; "crowded it is" but there'll be more room soon for we're hanging six this next week. We have everybody there Arabs, Jews British - everybody, but mostly Arabs. There's one that was sought for a long time - a leader of the Arab revolt 36 murders to his record though not all by his own hand. He was sought the country over and every policeman knew his face from the photographs. So one day one of the Policemen stepped into an orange grove to pick a couple of oranges - and there lay this man asleep under an orange tree so he's to swing next week. The scaffolding's



Villages in the Lebanese Mtns

all set up - the executioner's been there many years 100£ a month he gets & all found - the other officers of the prison get good money too 30£ a month & all found. There's some Jewish political prisoners there, but most of them are Arabs doing terms for thefts.

On Friday I went with Mr Watkinson the British Consul General in Beirut on a trip up into the hills to see the villages where the Polish refugees being brought into the Lebanon from Iran are going to live. Qazir on the coast toward Tripoli and Boedoun down the coast toward Haifa we didnt visit. But we went north from Beirut on the Tripoli road, past the big cut where throughout the ages so many armies have landed - or defended the coast against landings - Nine different inscriptions are carved in the rocks on the hillside in Greek, in Latin and indecipherable there is a lovely little pointed arched stone bridge built by the same Turkish Emir that built

– where the Poles live.

Beitedine. The road runs on through great banana plantations. vegetable farms fruit orchards & fertile fields – good land this – on till we turn off up the hill on a side road which winds & climbs through Zouk Mikhail one of the little stone villages and on up and up past stone huts, and wayside shrines, past Alleppo pines fig trees sprawling over dry stone walls, grapevines now bereft of leaves and everywhere on either side above & below the terracing that is the only means of finding a bit of level land. There is centuries of hand work in the terracing in this part of the world. I remember being impressed in 1932 with the terraced vineyards on the Rhine – they are insignificant compared with those in Greece – which are slight compared with those in Palestine and the Lebanon. In Palestine the hills are sloped more gradually the soil is sand, & dry – "99% absorptive". In the Lebanon the hills are

steep and there is small space that's level enough to build a stone cottage. let alone have a field or area to cultivate and so great tall hillsides - even mountain sides - are cross-hatched the whole way up and down with these even stone precision stone edged terraces - many by this time have no ~~available~~ crop or plants to be seen in them. Many have mulberry Trees for Syria and the Lebanon have had such quantities of mulberry Trees, of silk worms, & of silk that through the centuries the great brocade & silk business of Damascus has grown & thrived and so we get damasks in silk before we ever had them in table linen.

The road is sand & gravel & unpaved most of the way. Finally we rise to Adjeltoun beyond the Jesuit college which was the first place the French university in Beirut began. Adjeltoun is scattered & perched high on the mountain side with a glorious panorama of heights & rolling dropping hills before it, the arm of the Beirut peninsula stretching way out into the blue Mediterranean at the left & south.

high and there is enough of [illegible] this [illegible]
to build a stone cottage. [illegible]
[illegible] the Goldsmith [illegible]
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Asounieh

There are countless small red tiled roofed stone huts, a fair sized school which they hope to take over and the usual Catholic church. On down the road, the paving begins where the residence of the Catholic patriarch is ~~located~~. Seems he's more interested in his politics than in his church, and that his interest in retaining the Christian majority in the Lebanon has assisted the Poles in getting an affirmative answer as to the acceptance into this country. They are of course largely Catholic and eventually they may settle in and become voters, so it is not only a money making project for the hotels, but also a "smart" move by a representative of the majority group who find themselves in a minority in the government.

This Saturday afternoon trip to ~~Asounieh~~ Asounieh, Hotel Victoria run by the Syrian brothers who are friends of the Stewart Millers, Beit Edine and back took so long that the Millers insisted we stay over till Sunday to go to Damascus

more forward-looking is
thought up, the position of

The Stewart Millers

They invited me to stay with them - and Collier went back into Beirut to his Salvation Army Hostel. We had a good home cooked dinner on a mahogany table with mats & pretty china - in a panelled dining room - and we sat in a big comfortable living room - and I slept in a guest room with a hot water bottle in the bed an adjoining bathroom a bedside light - and breakfast wheeled in next morning - I'd almost forgotten all the fixings of a comfortable home - such a treat. The Millers are charming - he a spare Scot, she an active interested & interesting person - he told me many things of interest about this part of the world. His account of how the hospital began was particularly interesting.

There was a man named Napier who worked in Abyssinia as a government official or British representative - back in the 1880's. He had married the Ethiopian Premier's daughter and had eight kids - when the nationalistic attitude there developed sufficiently that he had to get out - left through the Sudan thro

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Mental Hospital at Asfourieh

68

Egypt & Palestine to the Lebanon and on up into the hills - where he settled and started two schools and a hospital, the former are still active - of recent years the hospital has dropped out. His wife died, he married a Syrian woman - he had a way with women which was to help him in the work he was to be given later.

It bothered him to see mental cases kept in chains - that to him did not seem to be the way to treat such an unfortunate group - and that was the way they were treated all through these parts at that time. So he got together a group of people he thought might be interested & help him promote the idea of a hospital for mental cases, and the idea took. Upshot - he was appointed to go abroad to England, the continent & America to collect funds. Three days out at sea he got his first cheque £400, and his luck or his way continued till he ca

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home with substantial funds. They bought an inn on the Damascus road and a large enough plot of land that additional buildings have been + can still be added. Today it is a beautiful place with garden + trees + shrubbery, modern offices and residence quarters, picnic tables for families of patients to come + visit them - the old inn has twice been renovated + added to and makes the Director's (Millie's) offices + residence - big spacious rooms terrace verandah overlooking pool and gardens and a view of Beirut harbour + the Mediterranean. Downstairs the old stone walls + arches, pavement and corridors are all still in the basement - as they used to be in the main floor of the inn. And right beside the house the old dirt road to Damascus preserved across the end of the orchard - given by the gov't to the hospital - formerly used by horsedrawn vehicles and camel caravans - that stopped at this inn - first-night stand on the way Beirut to Dam

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When war seemed imminent he asked families to take back their patient family members - to take them to the villages in the hills where they'd be safe & quiet - & thus he cut his population in the hospital considerably.

69

Dr Miller told me more of the history of the place than I can remember. In the last war with food shortages acute, and no relief in sight, the Turkish authorities were more than good to them and kept them in flour & basic foods. Dead lined the roads in all villages, the ravages of war found their way on up into the hills - and many patients were cared for at the hospital.

~~X~~ This time he tried to avoid having the military take over. So he adroitly wrote the British Consul General offering part of the premises - two buildings - to be used by the Civil Administration as air raid casualty station. "Your very generous offer" accepted - they fell for it - came in and did quite a bit in preparation. Then sure enough along came the French military - "so sorry! civilian authorities have taken it over." &c - As the war progressed Brit. mil. came in & their guest book has a record of Australians New Zealanders, British military visitors

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Cairo: procession - small.

the Asfourieh Hospital for Mental Disease in the Lebanon has a very good reputation throughout the whole of the Middle East. Dr Miller wishes borders would open up and shipping + transportation develop because many of his paying patients came down from Bulgaria + Roumania as well as Turkey + Iran + Iraq. and when he has a higher proportion of paying patients he can help more of those who can't.

Dec 13th
Last week in Cairo two old men in dark galabiehs walked down toward the Opera as I waited for the office bus. They were trudging along with big tin mirrors on the tops of poles - with wide wooden, nailheaded frames - behind them three men with reed pipes, and four with drums. Then the ghazy - a moslem in brown abaya - silken kaffiek or agal with four cords + four holders - next him a tarbushed gentleman + western clothes - and facing them a [illegible]

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robed woman barefooted - and poor by comparison - One or two ran out from the sidewalks and touched the big Moslems hand or robes - This was apparently the processional and last lap of his journey home from Mecca.

After work one day Deb & Lou & I went to Groppi's garden for our sandwich lunch. I was hungry - there weren't many people in the wicker chairs - no flowers on the garlanded vines - Safragis were sweeping up part of the terrace floor and there's so much dirt in Cairo - I was bored with my social worker American friends - only the mewing of the kites up above seemed to attract me - and I looked up at the thin webby clouds spread over the serene blue sky - Suddenly that seemed as something I'd always known that seemed to call me as something to call one home - to call one back to

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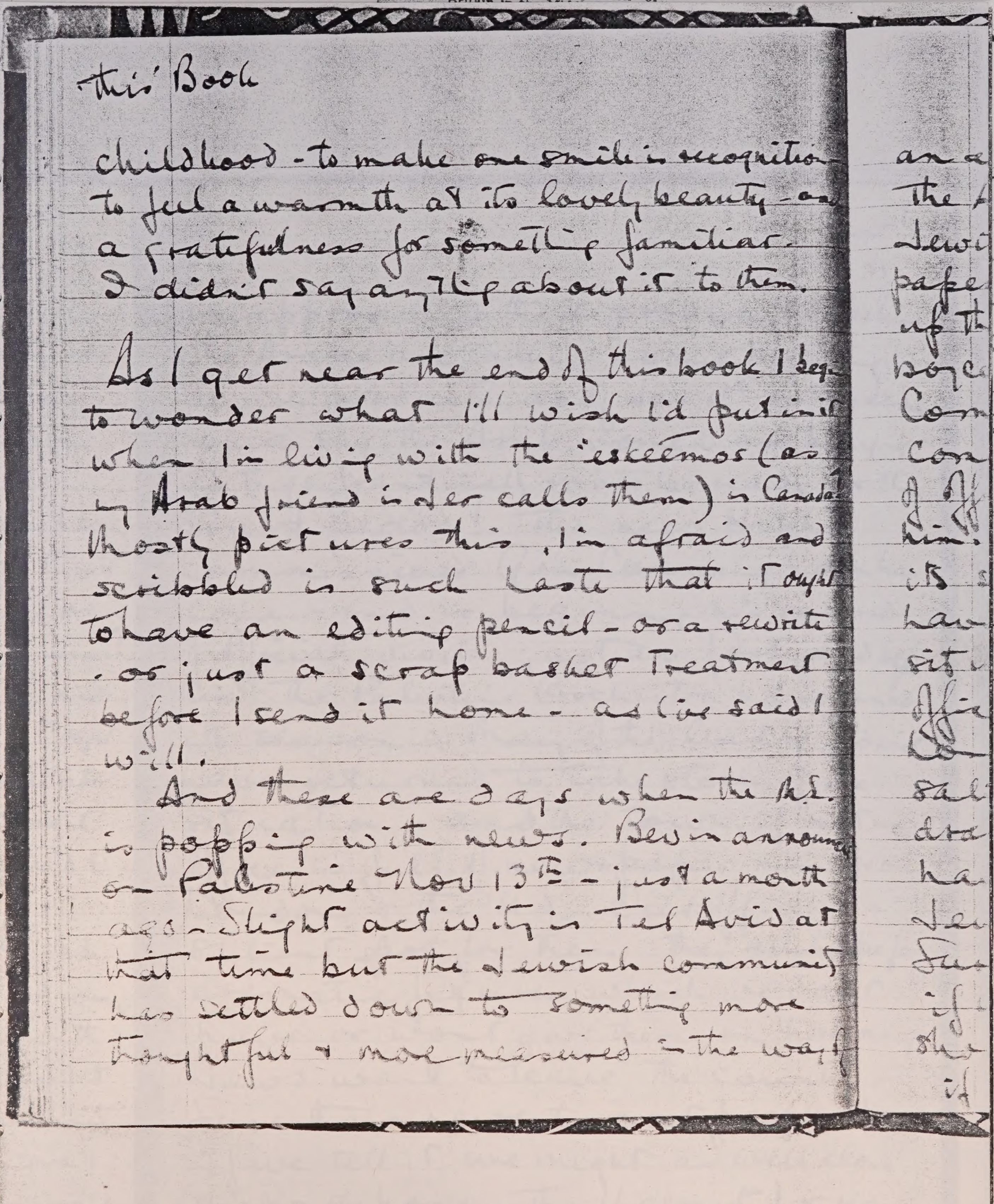

this' Book

childhood - to make one smile in recognition - to feel a warmth at its lovely beauty - and a gratefulness for something familiar. I didn't say anything about it to them.

As I get near the end of this book I begin to wonder what I'll wish I'd put in it when I'm living with the "eskeemos (as my Arab friend in Jer calls them) in Canada! Mostly pictures this, I'm afraid and scribbled in such haste that it ought to have an editing pencil - or a rewrite - or just a scrap basket treatment before I send it home - as I've said I will.

And these are days when the M.E. is popping with news. Bevin announced on Palestine Nov 13th - just a month ago - Slight activity in Tel Aviv at that time but the Jewish community has settled down to something more thoughtful & more measured in the way of

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an approach to their problem, I do believe. The Arabs are talking about boycotting Jewish products as of Jan 1st so the Jewish papers say the Arab women are buying up things frantically so's to be ready, for the boycott period! The new High Commissioner Gen Cunningham has come - and is beginning his round of official visits just as Gort did before him. The Palestine Orchestra has opened its season - Many of the leading Zionists have returned to take stock of the situation - and the town, if not my office is full of newspaper men from London & the U.S. Our office is a salient spot for them - they all hope for dramatic figures, which we don't have or won't give them, on how many Jews want to leave the country - Sure that's news to most people - but if we tell it we might as well close shop & go home - they'll close it for us if we don't - & we want to stay open shelf these facts

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the M.E. -

There are other big things in the M.E. The weak government in Teheran is having trouble trying to stop Russian interference in Azerbaijan - the Russians are collecting the Armenians in various parts - we've got an Armenian doctor & his family here at the Y who are going to the U.S. as a result of the pressures in the north east. Turkey has jitters over Russia's interest in her north east corner. The French are doing their level utmost to hang on to their interests in Syria & Lebanon - but its a losing game. Egypt is doing an inordinate amount of talking about nationalism, but is taking no other steps to strengthen her internal structure so that she can stand alone. The U.S. is grappling for oil and air in this area - and her every act shows the abysmal ignorance of her state dept in knowing how to approach the problems or what to do - Truman and his 100,000 certificates! goodheavens

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and what they'll do about it.

And now its predicted they'll muff the Persian business at the Foreign Ministers discussions in Moscow – they cling to beautiful ideals in a vacuum of ideas – either theirs or native populations – and then they wonder why it doesn't work. Pity, for they're fine folk – but their vast one-mass country with no hook up like the commonwealth gives us – makes them very naturally limited, self-centred nationally – & self contented. Don't know what the cure is.

But this is supposed to be about the M.E. – there's so much apprehension over Russia again after this war – and good heavens, one wonders why! She's probably the only country that could come into this area & tidy it up. In Palestine she, well, she'd likely stop the rah rah fanatics of the settlements and give them something to put their brains to work at, instead of stuffing

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Dec 15
Sat.

them with half baked political ideas — ~~and~~ as for the Arabs — well she'd probably at least make them pick up their skirts & run. I said before that what this country needs is a little Christianity — well another idea might be that what it needs is a little clearsighted plain dealing such as Russia knows how to hand out. After all — the largest Jewish population anywhere else in the world is in Russia — & she has treated them as other minorities they have cities — or counties & villages — their own industries, culture & activities. Pity Britain didn't get Russia on this Commission to study Palestine — a lot more objective & balanced than the poor souls ~~that~~ that come out of the hotbed of Zionism that exists in the States.

Next day — Azerbaijan has become an independent republic — probably for 2 or 3 yrs till she becomes a Soviet republic — And both British & French troops are to be withdrawn from the Levant — which is excellent news — except who's going to help me with the Poles!

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Office Picnic

Dec 15th - We had an office picnic today - Mrs Capek
Sat. Helen Spyakowski & I in the back seat of the Hudson & Mrs Tauber with Collier in the front. We drove down through Tel Aviv to the Haifa shore road - thru Ramat Gan & Petah Tikvah - where we asked the way of a small boy. But because it was the Sabbath and we were riding in a car he wouldn't tell us - its an orthodox settlement. We struck off on a dirt road - red dirt like Arizona or Prince Edward Island to a German settlement called Ramat Ashavim. Mrs T knocked at a stucco cottage door - and was greeted to her surprise by a Doctor from Berlin. Seems this whole settlement has sprung up since Hitler's rise - in the last ten years in fact, & that they make their living on chickens. Modern equipment & good stock. They've also had capital to help them and have done well and become established. Of recent weeks New-castle disease has hit the chickens and despite the use of an imported toxin from India

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Jaffa oranges

they have lost 200,000 chickens - We walked on up the muddy red dirt road with a great variet of trees on either side & huge Jaffa oranges grapefruit limes and cumquats hanging from the trees and bushes - On to a house where we had coffee and raisin cake in a cottage with a make shift sort of interior contrasted by odd bit of things that seem so anachronistic here - Big shelve of German books, pewter creamer & sugar bowl of good design - a Vangogh -

Jaffa oranges are just ripening these days - Enormous, rough, thick hided things they get to be with the most delicious & delicate interiors. Seems they've tried to grow Jaffas in other count but only the slopes on this tract of Mediterran shore turn out to be suitable. They're far ahead of anything California or Florida could ever argue any. Very perishable - Only in fast ships & with individual paper wrapping can they be shipped any distance. And these last war years the ground has been littered with them as the trees have gone unpruned & untended for there was no way to move the crop.

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Diamond cutters - Wizo

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Diamonds are another industry in Palestine - that I must say I didn't expect to find here. Countless diamond cutters have come here - and there is growing up a very important business in this respect. Uncut stones brought in, cut here, and either mounted here or shipped abroad for mounting. Palestine modern jewelry is coarse & crude - very heavy - vulgar. They'd do better to let some others mount their stones from what I've seen.

Wizo - (Women's Industries of the Zionist Organization) does a flourishing business in Palestinian handcraft things. Silk & rayon embroidered blouses - £5-6-7-8-9 apiece $20 to $36 apiece for something arty to be sure but limited in its possibilities from a wearing standpoint. Filegree jewelry, olivewood boxes paperknives bookends, handweaving, verdigris copper, Yemenite jewelry. A host of stuff in their shops - and most of it quite attractive. But what gripes me is that its practically all copied from native Arabs crafts all the originals that you see their models copied from are things the Arabs use & make - pity -

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I remember Spratling's shop in Taxco in Mexi - he had hired countless Mexican craftsmen guided their hand so that rugs were not too ga bracelets not too slave, and glass left useable in size & shape - He had them work for him, charged fabulous prices to tourists for his goods and made the profit himself - Besides alter the primitive arts both this man and Wijo and their kind are certainly exploiting something that is much more characteristic much more honest and meaningful when left alone - Still think its a pity -

Yet I know that unless one buys from the Jewish market in Palestine - there is little that one can get from the Arabs - they make what they use & little else. The fronts of the women's dresses - the band of embroidery round the skirt hem - are breathtaking in their detailed work, colourfulness & beauty - yet where could you buy such things - they each do their own & that's that. The tasseled saddle mat that important Moslem gentlemen wear on camel back, the hand rubbed amber

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Druze Women

or carnelian beads, the embroidered kaffiehs, the gold edging on the abaya, the myriad stitches, embroidered on Orthodox church altar pieces or headdresses, - these aren't for sale and a sight of them - an awareness of them pales anything that collected industries turn out to make money on -

The Druze women wear white on their head veils - and I was realizing today so do the women of Bethlehem. Only the latter have their unique tall tapering form inside the veil - making them characteristic of that town & environs only.

Col Vaughan Jones, the padre, is arranging five communions for troops in the plain little Lutheran Church in Bethlehem for Christmas day - think I'll try to go to one of them if he gives me a ticket as he said he would. - P.S. I was wrong they're Xmas Eve - same time as mass in the Church of the Nativity to which I also have a ticket - so Collier is using mine to communion in the Lutheran church -

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Army Hirings – an Advocate –

Today I had to arrange about our staying in the office after Moharrum – which was Dec 6th this year – and the end of the Arab year. Army Hirings take their own time about these things – but John Affam arranged that he and I should call on Dr Imanuel Rosenberg, the Advocate for the former tenant Mr Wood from whom we've been subletting – Tarshee in a tarbush – big fat government official is the owner – tough and difficult. Its good John is shrewd and even tempered and firm – a big help – We went to Rosenberg's office – Viennese lawyer – modern building made stuffy and cosy with old fashioned files & papers & books – he little round headed & bald ugly and sharp – yet pleasant enough. We do business in a calm & friendly spirit – Rosenberg pays John compliments – touts to him and the whole deal is efficient and decent.

A Viennese Jew – A Palestinean Arab – on behalf of a Canadian for UNRRA – !

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Collier drove me to Mrs George Antonius house - "last house on the left on the road to the Mount of Olives" - Wednesday noon for lunch. Her place is the Mufti's house and he has given her carte blanche to do with it as she will - in decoration &c. Highwalled garden layed out in formal beds with the breath of grape vines over the arbour and The fleck of the final December Jasmine against great banks of deep green cypress. The broad door is flanked in windows with mushrabiah grills - It is an Arab house, and the arched windows The stone work, careful, fitted, dovetailed all bespeak its Arabic intention - Inside you see quite plainly why the Mufti handed over the job of decor to the famous Kate - every way you look is artistry. It is the most complete blend of East and West that I have seen - a complete success. Parquet flooring handsome woodwork such as the Arabs love, plain modern pale walls, good

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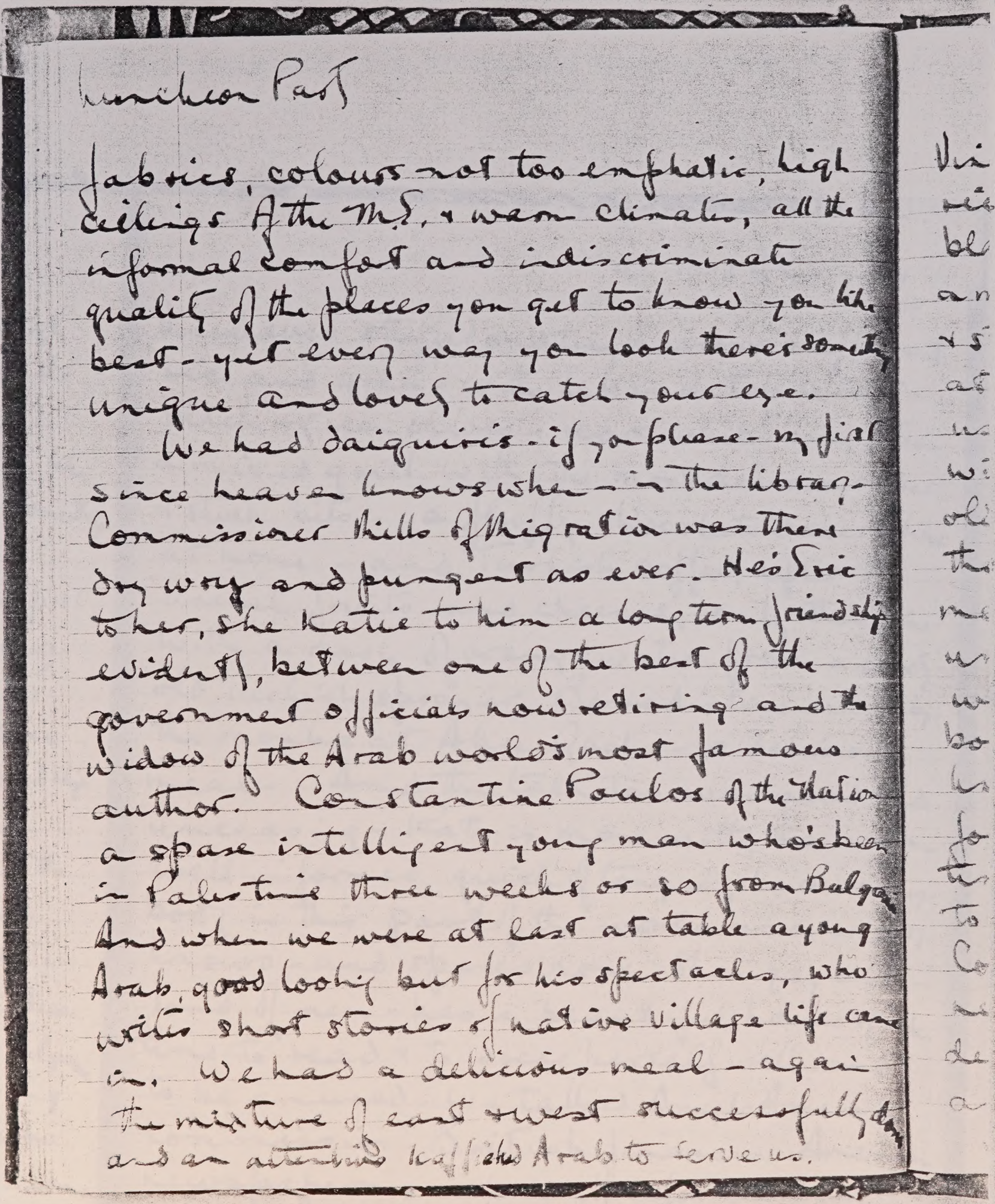

Luncheon Party

fabrics, colours not too emphatic, high ceilings of the M.E. & warm climates, all the informal comfort and indiscriminate quality of the places you get to know you like best - yet every way you look there's something unique and lovely to catch your eye.

We had daiquiris - if you please - my first since heaven knows when - in the library. Commissioner Mills of Migration was there dry wry and pungent as ever. He's Eric to her, she Katie to him - a long term friendship evidently, between one of the best of the government officials now retiring and the widow of the Arab world's most famous author. Constantine Poulos of the Nation a spare intelligent young man who's been in Palestine three weeks or so from Bulgaria. And when we were at last at table a young Arab, good looking but for his spectacles, who writes short stories of native village life came in. We had a delicious meal - again the mixture of east & west successfully done and an attentive kaffiehed Arab to serve us.

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at Mrs Antonius'-

Vineleaves stuffed and tiny marrows stuffed with rice and grain - with leban on top to taste - black + green olives - red & white wine. then a mixed grill with the most delicious liver + steak bits - a fluffy chocolate dessert like at home - and Turkish coffee, after the usual fruits and cheeses, only this time with a dash of orange water from a lovely old Turkish sprayer. Benedictine made by the monks at Abu Gash - a delicious meal - And the talk too was good and unceasing - Kate is more witty than warm well informed, quick of tongue, knows every body in this part of the world as everybody knows - and spares none. She's gay and fond of men - has a beautiful house + garden time to read + to dress herself well and to be amused. We talked Anglo American Commission - British finances - American newspapermen - how ill informed - how deplorable for the US to be so represented and for the consequent news to be so mis represented - Poulos endorsing it and telling

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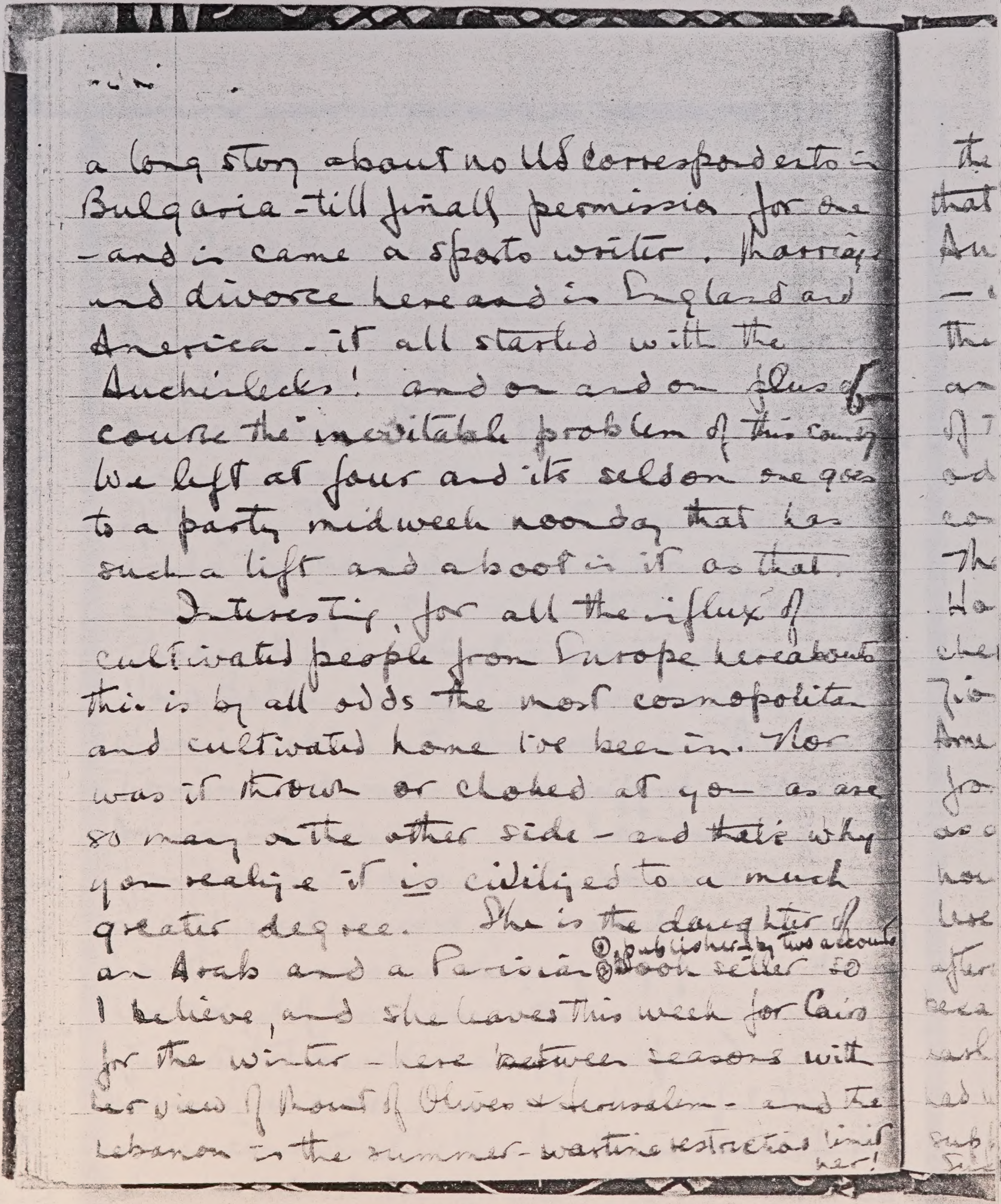

a long story about no US correspondents in Bulgaria - till finally permission for one - and in came a sports writer. Marriage and divorce here and in England and America - it all started with the Auchinlecks! and on and on plus of course the "inevitable" problem of this country. We left at four and it's seldom one goes to a party midweek noonday that has such a lift and a boost in it as that.

Interesting, for all the influx of cultivated people from Europe hereabouts this is by all odds the most cosmopolitan and cultivated home I've been in. Nor was it thrown or choked at you as are so many on the other side - and that's why you realize it *is* civilized to a much greater degree. She is the daughter of an Arab and a Parisian ① publisher by two accounts ② book seller so I believe, and she leaves this week for Cairo for the winter - here between seasons with her view of Mount of Olives + Jerusalem - and the Lebanon in the summer - wartime restrictions limit her!

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Jeffries Book

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The Good News at that luncheon was the fact that her husband's famous book The Arab Awakening is to be reprinted in the Spring — yet that's not soon enough, the way things are. It is still the most philosophic and artistic job I've read on their side of things. The one I'm at now is by all odds the best documented and the most convincing – Palestine – the Reality, J. M. N. Jeffries makes it plain what a political racket this is. How Balfour & Lloyd George wanted Weizmann's chemical ability in the last war years "Acetone for Zionism" and wanted Jewish support in USA to swing America into helping in the war; how loud the protest from prominent Jews in England against Zionism as a physical removal of their group to one small country, how there was no knowledge of the population that lived here nor yet of their wishes in the case, how it was only afterwards that they realized disapproval from France & Italy because of religious groups here, what a refutation of the earlier commitment Sir Henry MacMahon Minister for M.E. had worked out with Sherif Hussein of the Arabs – and their support & sacrifices against Turkey to gain their promised independence. Such masquerades its a shameful chapter for Britain –

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Sunday before Christmas

Dec 23 - Pages getting scarce - one, to the Sunday bef. Xmas. I went to church at the Ch of the Redeemer down in the Old City - 2 other civilians - the rest military - The Royal Engineers booming in my ear - Scotch Padre who preached emphatically - a loud voice against present day despair - that Christmas & all it represented meant hope and the good life. Church modern - built by Kaiser Wilhelm at the turn of the century - and outside cobblestones Arab boys scampering, pigeons preening in the sun, vendors squatting, donkeys & goats, fruits & vegs, rugs, candles, hard foods all the market wares of the souks.

After lunch Collier & Helen & I drove to Bethlehem - went to the Latin Catholic Convent where the sisters showed us the view of the valley to the Hills of Moab from their roof - where we bought the odd thing made by Arab orphans & where we left with ragged children clambering over the car, and tall white headdressed women walking up & down the road in front.

We walked to Shepherd's field - a country road with stone walls aside, good land in part of the valley - only a few stray mules & Arabs travelling the route. Five miles there & back up the steep hill to Bethlehem - and all the way Helen the devout Catholic, Collier the thoughtful Salvation Army follower & practicing Christian

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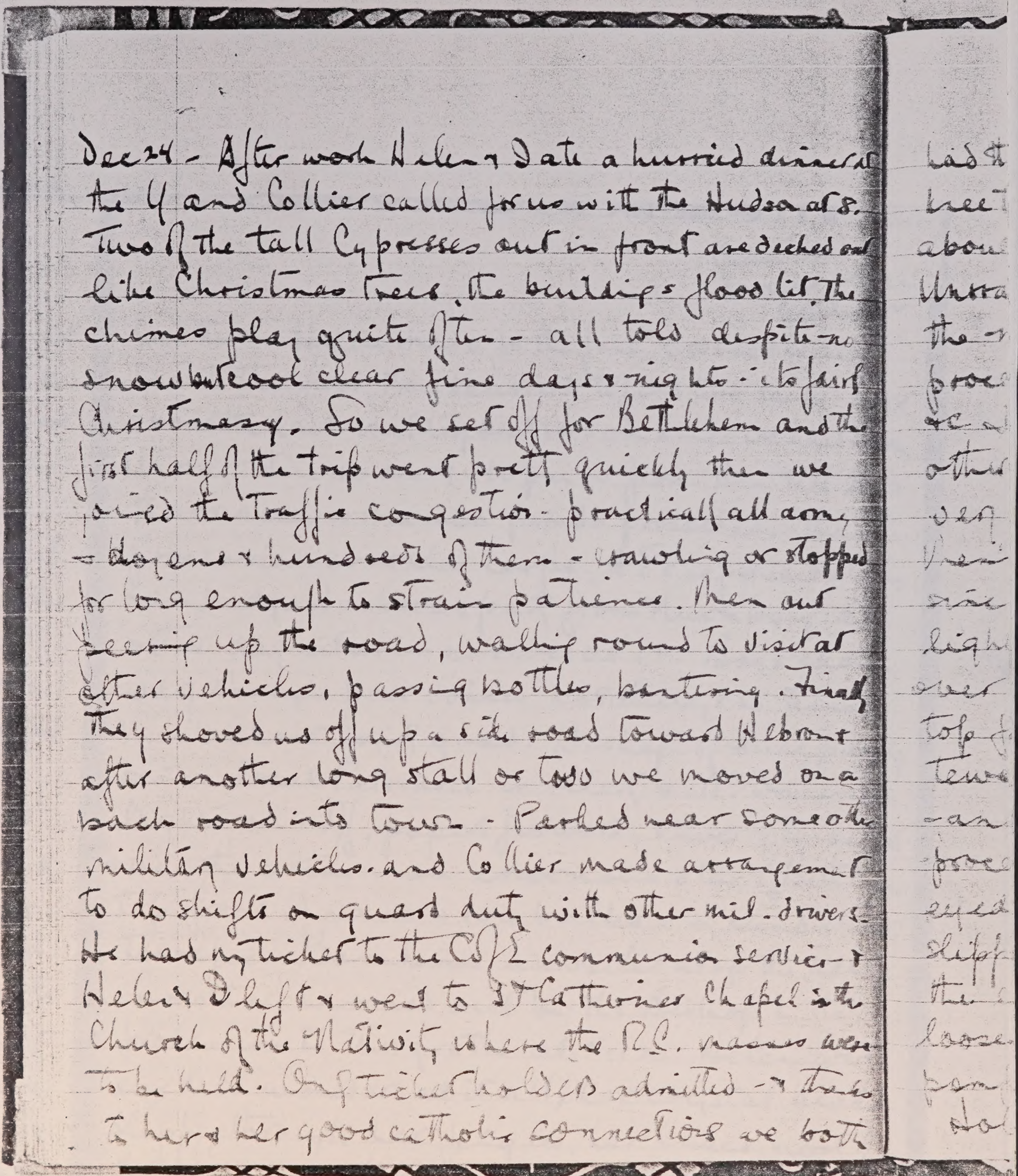

Dec 24 - After work Helen & I ate a hurried dinner at the Y and Collier called for us with the Hudson at 8. Two of the tall Cypresses out in front are decked out like Christmas trees, the buildings flood lit, the chimes play quite often - all told despite no snow but cool clear fine days & nights - it's fairly Christmasy. So we set off for Bethlehem and the first half of the trip went pretty quickly then we joined the Traffic congestion - practically all army - dozens & hundreds of them - crawling or stopped for long enough to strain patience. Then out peering up the road, walking round to visit at other vehicles, passing bottles, bantering. Finally they shoved us off up a side road toward Hebron & after another long stall or two we moved on a back road into town - Parked near some other military vehicles. and Collier made arrangement to do shifts on guard duty with other mil. drivers. He had my ticket to the C of E communion service - & Helen & I left & went to St Catherines Chapel in the Church of the Nativity where the R.C. masses were to be held. Only ticket holders admitted - & thanks to her & her good catholic connections we both

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Christmas Eve
Service at Bethlehem 82

had them. Helen made for the font, crossed herself, knee to the floor then scurried to find two seats - we got about the last - military section - ok since we said we were Unrra. This was 9.40 pm & from then till 2.15 the masses & mumbo jumbo proceeded. The procession - consular corps, HE's representative, & Judge Jackson of part from Nuremberg and other dignitaries arrived at 12. Boys choir very shaky - poor voices not always in tune. Men's choir fairly good. Bishop of Suez presiding since local Patriarch is elderly & ill. Incense, lights on & off, paper flowers, silver & tinsel all over the altar - an enormous star of Bethlehem top front of nave - 100 bulbs & a hundred watts tewefic! Bambino unveiled atop the altar - another carried out by the Bishop in the procession to the grotto at 2.15. Helen wide eyed in wonder at it all, her crystal beads slipping through her fingers, her knees most of the evening on the hard board below, her fine loose knit white wool fascinator above her pompadour & tight under her chin - like a Hollywood nun. I left her with a Catholic Captain

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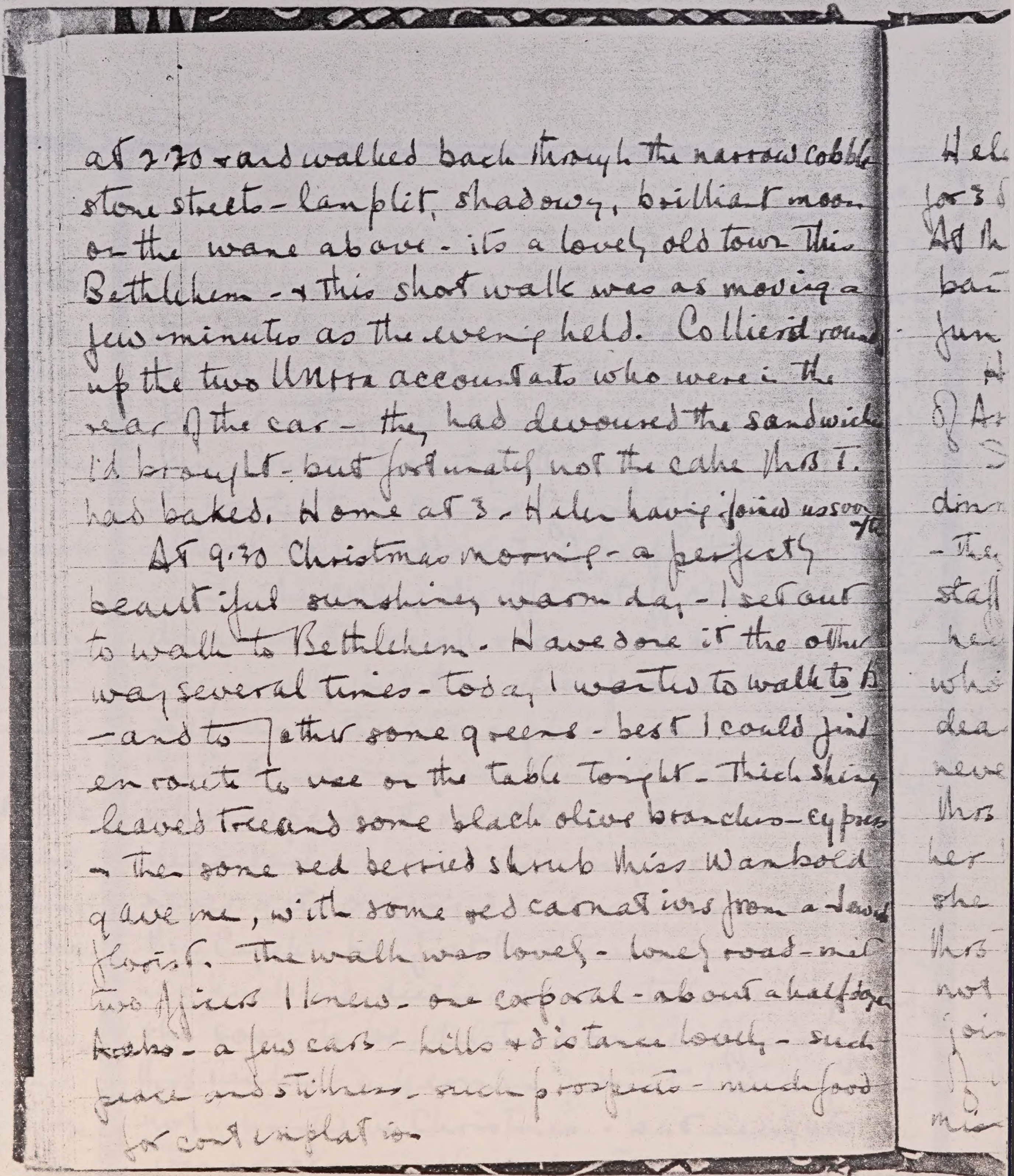

at 2.30 & and walked back through the narrow cobble stone streets – lamplit, shadowy, brilliant moon on the wane above – its a lovely old town this Bethlehem – & this short walk was as moving a few minutes as the evening held. Collier'd round up the two UNRRA accountants who were in the rear of the car – they had devoured the sandwiches I'd brought – but fortunately not the cake Mrs T. had baked. Home at 3 – Helen having joined us soon after.

At 9.30 Christmas morning – a perfectly beautiful sunshiny warm day – I set out to walk to Bethlehem – Have done it the other way several times – today I wanted to walk *to* B – and to gather some greens – best I could find en route to use on the table tonight – Thick shiny leaved tree and some black olive branches – cypress – then some red berried shrub Miss Wambold gave me, with some red carnations from a town florist. The walk was lovely – lonely road – met two officers I knew – one corporal – about a half dozen Arabs – a few cars – hills & distance lovely – such peace and stillness – such prospects – much food for contemplation

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Christmas

Helen had arranged a Christmas dinner at noon for 8 of the Amer newspapermen, and she asked me along. At Mrs Wolf's - good meal - American small talk & banter - the facile speech & punning - gay & good fun - but oh how it palls in quantity.

Hostel tea - oceans of sweet foods - myriads of Arab boys & oddments of people that live in the Y.

In the evening the office staff came at 7.30 to dinner in the small room - We had a good meal - they really did themselves proud - the kitchen staff - and the atmosphere was homey and heart warming really. Helen is a sentimental kid who's dependent on others. Collier, a boyish dear lacking in initiative enjoys everything but never gets organized under his own steam - Mrs Capek - her first Christmas since she's known her husband died in a concentration camp, and she soon to be deleted from the office staff. Mrs Tauber - a German Zionist here 11 years - not interested in Christmas - but delighted to join us because she is devoted to the work & to all of us - & because her curiosity wouldn't let her miss a thing - typical European curiosity - We ate

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plenty – & Collier got the car and we went on to the local Folk Opera Co's production of Traviata which was very good – much better than their Bartered Bride of a few weeks back. So that was Xmas.

Next day. Boxing day – Louise Rhodes, Martha Clark, Helen & I were invited to tea at Terra Sancta – the RC monastery & school. About ten monks Capt Andronovich – the US mil. attaché – and no girls sat around a big conventional room with a beautiful open fire – & drank! Manhattans! & tea & ate canapés, homemade cake, roasted chestnuts ~~etc~~ & more manhattans. Amazing party – new one for me! Thence home to change & drinks with Murray & Tom at the KD prior to Hostel Boxing Day dinner. This a good affair considering how difficult – about 200 – Arabs Americans, British Roumanian Egyptian, Greeks, Armenians – all manner of us all in glorious gorgeous paper hats. Mrs Terrell on my left. Mr Pinkerton US Cons Gen on my right at head table – the latter of the two very easy & charming – he's a dear. The best bit – the sending in of blue flamed plumpuddings – held way out front of ourselves by white gala kilted, dark skinned beturbaned Sefardis in a darkened room

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Dec 27th - I decided to work an extra hour till eight - Collier took Mrs T up to Zion Square & returned in 15 mins to say the explosions we'd heard were the blowing up of the Police Headquarters - Several strong blasts - a good deal of machine gun fire - Traffic stopped - From the office the blaze & glare & smoke could be seen plainly. Too distracting to work so I came home - dropping Helen on the way. Collier had a ticket for the Messiah at the Y. I asked him not to leave the Hudson in town, he agreed it was wise to take it back to camp & come in on the truck. He wasn't allowed to leave as it turned out - but spent his evening beside a tommy gun. Murray asked me at dinner, would I like to hear the Messiah - & which I'd turned Tom Crane & his dance down I decided this was a good idea. We went & Arnita the Arab musical director who plays piano organ & carillon here at the Y. had done an excellent job on small orchestra & choir. It was mixed Arab, Jewish & a few English and to listen to them sing this particular thing on this particular night in this particular town was quite significant "And the government shall be upon His Shoulders and His Name shall be called Wonderful"

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Pal Post

Dec 45

BRITAIN AND RUSSIA IN IRAN

THE AZERBAIJAN RISING

By JON KIMCHE

BY the time the war ended it was clear to the Russians that "Tudeh" had to be reinforced by other means to bring about the changes apparently desired in Moscow and remove British influence from Persia as completely as Russian policy had sought to remove it from the Balkans.

They did this by encouraging an autonomous movement in Azerbaijan, which hit simultaneously at a number of weak spots of the Central Government. It is the richest Persian province, some of the most influential politicians have their estates there; it contains the second largest town in Persia, Tabriz, and it provides a link with Turkey and Iraq. As a first step a considerable number of Russian Azerbaijanis were apparently infiltrated into Persian Azerbaijan. They look similar, they speak the same language and they were trained Communists. At first they went slow, but by the beginning of October everything was set. A new party — the Democrats — was formed and all Tudeh members joined it. Apparently it was intended so as not to embarrass the Tudeh people in other parts of Persia with what was to come.

Democrats "Take Over"

Tudeh continues to say that they believe in constitutional action only. The Democrats proceeded to armed revolt — if one can use such a term for the peculiar manner of the rising which followed. There was no mass uprising, no mass march on Teheran, but what happened was something like this. A few Russians in a town or village would let it be known that the Democrats were taking over the administration and that they would not tolerate intervention from the gendarmes or anyone else. Then at night the Democrats, armed, would enter the few key buildings and take over. Sometimes there was a little shooting and a few gendarmes or other opponents of the Democrats were killed. In the morning the mass of the Democrats would arrive singing and with banners and would rise and take over. Throughout the proceeding the Russians remained discreetly in the background but everyone knew they were there and what for.

The movement at first seemed to succeed. It moved south, occupied towns on the road to Teheran and in the last week of November seemed within striking distance of Teheran. But by that time world attention was focused on Azerbaijan and it was difficult under these conditions to bring the Autonomy Movement too much into the light. So the rebels turned away from Teheran, the Russians evacuated the city and another phase in the silent war to eliminate the British without decision.

Russian Success

Outwardly the Russians had again failed, in fact they had scored a considerable success. The Azerbaijan movement scared the northern landlords and tended to undermine the will to resist in the Persian Government, — and this gave the Russians their clue. Throughout the latter phase of the Azerbaijan affair Tudeh sat tight and said nought. The Tudeh press ignored the events in the north. The Russians were now getting more substantial support. They were now aiming direct at the heart. They would get a "friendly" government in Teheran, they would get rid of the key people whom they suspected of being too friendly with the British, and they would get their oil concession, they won over Ghavam Sultaneh, one of the richest and most powerful men in Persia, ex-Premier and owner of great estates in the north.

Ghavam has been canvassing the deputies in the Mejlis for a policy of neutrality, for treating all foreign powers alike, against discrimination towards Russia. He is gaining increasing support and it looks now that some weeks before the Russians are due to evacuate all Persia on March 2, they will have a friendly government in office in Teheran, which will play ball rather with Moscow than with London or Ankara or Baghdad.

National Minorities

Seen from London, there may be nothing tragic in this development and certainly nothing in it to justify further deterioration of Soviet-British relations. But here on the spot it seems different. Whatever the motive of Russian policy. (and I think it is fear and suspicion of her Allies rather than a drive towards further aggrandizement) its immediate consequences are to intensify the instability in the Middle East and exploit the already acute minority and national issues on the spot. Already before the Azerbaijan question has been settled the Russians are organizing the Armenians in Persia, in Iraq and in Syria, similarly the Kurdish autonomous movement is reported to be growing and is being encouraged.

Such is the situation as I found it. War and the prospect of war is again being discussed in the capitals of the Middle East, fear and suspicion are common on every side. Wars have started before now in even obscurer corners than Azerbaijan. The cards are not yet face upwards on the Persian table.

This is the second of two articles on Persia. The first was published on Dec. 16.

Oct 1945

THE PALESTINE POST

REWARDS FOR WANTED MEN TOTAL LP.5,000

ALLEGED TERRORISTS SOUGHT

Rewards totalling LP.4,950 are offered by the Inspector General of Palestine Police for information leading to the arrest of 20 men who are wanted by the police for terrorist activities. A reward of LP.2000 is offered for the apprehension of Menahem Beigin, alleged leader of the National Military Organization (Irgun Zvai Leumi) and LP 1000 for Nathan Friedman-Yellin, thought to be the leader of the Stern Gang.

The list of persons sought by the police includes two convicted terrorists, Yaacov Levstein and Moshe Bar Giora, for whose re-arrest the police offer rewards of LP.200 and LP.100 respectively. They escaped from the Jerusalem Central Prison two years ago.

Sixteen others wanted by the authorities are: Itzhak Yessernitzki, Emanuel Strassberg (LP.-200 for each) and Avraham Yehudai, Shmuel Weiss, Alias Bialko; Shaul Hagalili, alias Furman; Moshe Ben Haim Armoni, alias Kestenbaum; Zvi Ronin or Bronin or Pronin or Fronin, Itzhak Rubinstein; Herzl Warhaftig; Haim Sachs, alias Heinrich Rubinstein; Shlomo Yacobi, alias Vinik; Yossef Yehuda Weiss, Baruch Moisevitch, alias Gumprecht and Leib Boyko, (LP 100 reward for each). The names of Yehuda Arazi, alias Tennenbaum, and Isaac Levi also appear, for whose apprehension LP 25 each is offered, although during the Arms Trials of Sirkin and Reichlin in August, 1943, a reward of LP.-1000 was offered for each of them.

Thief Attacked by Crowd in Te

'TUDEH' AND 'NATIONAL WILL'

(This is the first of two articles on Persia.)

By JON KIMCHE

Dec 1945

THERE are probably about 12 million Persians, some foreign estimates say there are no more than eight, while the Persian Government claims 16 million. The social scale reaches extremities of wealth and poverty such as are not to be found elsewhere in the world. Out of the probable 12 million Persians 10 million are always hungry and totally illiterate. Three out of every four children born die before they are a year old.

Corrupt Politics

In theory Persia is a constitutional monarchy with the 26-year old Shah Mohammed Riza, a Cabinet and a Mejlis, to which the cabinet is responsible. In practice the country is run by about 2,000 wealthy families. They own the land, they are the Cabinet, they are the Mejlis, they control finance and the army. Even the majority of the Tudeh deputies are either landlords or otherwise very rich men. It is only natural that politics are essentially personal and corrupt, and that until the advent of the Russian-sponsored Tudeh party the poor mass of the population had neither say nor interest in politics. Indeed even today there are only two political parties — Tudeh and the anti-Tudeh national will movement. As a consequence the personal interests represented in the Mejlis have frustrated even the slightest tendency towards reform.

Turning to the West

Like most economically backward countries, Persia spends the greatest single item of her revenue on her army. The army is nevertheless one of the chief centres of Tudeh propaganda. The social pyramid of the country is therefore not impressive in its coherence. Two thousand fabulously rich families, no middle class, an underpaid and therefore corrupt administration. An industrial working class numbering no more than 40/50,000 in the whole country and 10 million Persians living on stale bread and tea.

Without taking this social background into account, it is impossible to get the real meaning of the events of the last month and the re-entry of Russia as foremost factor in Persian politics.

The 2,000 families had naturally turned away from revolutionary Russia after the last war. They found their social and political contact with the British and later — after the rise of Hitler — also with the Germans. It was not that the British tried to form a front against the Russians, it was simply that the propertied families turned naturally to what was then conservative Britain for solace.

Enter the Russians

Sometime in 1943, the Soviet Government decided that British influence in Persia had to be reduced —if not altogether eliminated. The Tudeh party was formed. It had a simple programme, which appealed to the mass of Persian poor. They formed trade unions. They forced the employers almost to double wages. They also talked of agrarian reforms, but they remained mainly talk. But Tudeh made mistakes. It attacked religion and became the "Russian" party. The Tudeh press and Tudeh spokesmen talked and wro and acted like the most loyal of communist parties. The other weakness of Tudeh was that its leadership was drawn from rich men, land-owners, and did not inspire quite that feeling of solidarity with the masses that one expects from a reform party. Tudeh, as an instrument to eliminate British influence, was therefore a failure.

By the end of 1944 the Russians apparently estimated the time ripe for a test of the relative strength of Britain and Russia in Persia. They secretly negotiated an oil concession in northern Persia extending over 150,000 square miles. Suddenly the Mejlis passed a bill prohibiting the sinking of any new wells or the granting of any concessions so long as foreign armies remained on Persian soil. It was a slap in the face for the Russians. They recalled their Ambassador. And apparently they also realized that Tudeh could not do the job of eliminating British influence.

An Exile from Palestine

Indeed the Tudeh situation was getting more difficult. Sayyed Zia had returned to Persia from his exile in Palestine — the Tudeh charge the British with deliberately bringing him back — and began organizing an opposition movement to Tudeh. Sayyed Zia is undoubtedly one of the few Persians in politics with drive, courage and imagination. He is 56 — that is 20 years younger than most of the other political leaders— and looks like a twin brother of Jimmy Maxton. He started the National Will Movement, but in order to get money for it and easy support, he turned to the Mullahs and started with them a religious campaign against many of the reforms carried through against the Mullahs by Reza Sha before his deposition. He also countered the Tudeh trade unions by forming shop-keeper guilds and with the aid of the employers, split the Tudeh unions, by forming "independent" unions which were, in fact, company unions.

50 MILLION LAW SUIT IN JAFFA COURT

ABDUL HAMID'S ESTATE

Pal Post Nov 4 '45

By WEBSTER FAWCETT

THE stage is being set for another dramatic episode in one of the most spectacular law-suits ever launched — the fight for a Sultan's estates in which British business men have an interest of no less than £50,000,000.

The Sultan was Abdul Hamid II, the "great assassin" of the Armenians, of political enemies and his own wives, who has come down in history as "Abdul the Damned". Deposed from the Turkish Sultanate, dragged from his palace in Istanbul, he died in prison, leaving behind him a muddle of fantastic wealth.

His relatives are legion, for the Ottoman civil list alone allowed him the upkeep of four wives and 200 concubines. Some of the women of his seraglio were retired on pensions and promises of fat bequests. Some mysteriously vanished and their bodies, sewn in sacks, were at times washed on the shores of the Bosphorus, and often their parents daringly launched claims for "compensation."

In the heyday of his power the Sultan and his ministers lived in perpetual dread of death by poison, and in the scented close-guarded palace every other man was a spy, cherishing a grudge against his ruler. A month after Abdul Hamid's death no less than 74 secondary claimants came into the open.

Privy Council Decision

Against this background a legal battle of claims, appeals and counter-appeals has raged for the past 25 years. Now a British Privy Council desision has raised the hopes of every plaintiff connected with the case; and to enable the fight to continue two British companies have been registered with a joint capital of £2,000,000.

When the curtain next rises on the Land Court of Jaffa, this hard cash, largely the investment of City speculators, will be paying the fees of barristers, witnesses, shorthand writers and others, perhaps at the rate of £5,000 a day. The backers consider the outlay justified by the reasonable chances of the final favourable judgment. Abdul Hamid, one of the world's richest men, left a personal fortune of £30,000,000 besides vast estates in Palestine, Syria, Greece, Egypt and elsewhere.

Millions of pounds worth of personal jewellery are still in trust in the vaults of the Royal Ottoman Bank. In addition, there is a prospect that the wealth still in the Royal Palace in Istanbul can be legally demanded from the Turkish Government.

One room alone contains the effigies of thirty sultans, each blazing with emeralds the size of a sixpence, with ropes of pearls and rubies. For insurance purposes, this collection was once assessed at £28,000,000. Other private wealth of the Sultanate includes oilfields, mining shares and the reversionary wealth of various relatives.

Possessions in Palestine

Shortly after Abdul Hamid's death, many of the territories in which his properties lay were ceded by Turkey under the terms of the Lausanne Treaty. Among them, his widespread possessions in Palestine passed under British mandate. They have been assessed at a minimum value of £100,000,000 and represent nearly a seventh of the total area of Palestine.

A test case was fought when certain contestants seized a Jerusalem hotel,said to be Abdul Hamid's property, and refused to release it. For nearly three months even the guests' baggage was held to ransom.. A court decision was given against the contestants. After a battle with the police they were evicted.

Today's expectations for Abdul's fabulous millions rest on an almost trivial claim to arable land in and around a village near Gaza. The Palestine heirs once brought a case in respect of this land before the Land Court at Jaffa and received a favourable decision. On appeal, this ruling was reversed on a technical point. Since then there have been repeated appeals, although eventually the names of the heirs were ordered to be erased from the Palestine Land Register.

Then the case was brought before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. This supreme court represents the King-Emperor in his capacity as the highest judicial arbiter in the Empire. After a hearing lasting several months, a committee quorum of three directed that, without affecting the rights of the heirs, the case should go back to the Jaffa Land Court for re-trial.

There this amazing lawsuit for £100,000,000 rests today. Soon the new action in Jaffa will seek to restore the names of the Palestine heirs to the land register as the rightful owners of the Gaza properties. If they win, the case may bring Abdul Hamid's total Palestine fortune into their hands without a further struggle. If they lose, a further action may still be possible.

Only one of the British companies is interested in the Palestine claims, backing the heirs on a fifty-fifty basis. The other company is interested in the major slice of Abdul Hamid's fortune in other areas.

more forward-looking is thought up, the position of

Column One

By

David Courtney

THE Soviet Government has reaffirmed its decision to refuse the passage of Persian Government troops into Azerbaijan. The grounds for the refusal won't deceive anyone, and the Soviet Government will not expect them to. The new note makes it clear that Russia is sponsoring the Azerbaijan movement, and that nothing, now, can prevent a radical change in Persian affairs. Whether the movement in the North is to crystallize into autonomy or to be the first stage in a process of national reform, depends, for the moment, on the Teheran government and its advisers. Observers in close touch with the situation believe that the Teheran government will be unable to survive the new developments, and influences usually active in the capital are said to be searching for a way out through the medium of an administration which, whilst progressive enough to be on good terms with Russia, would be able and willing to honour the contracts of its predecessors. By normal standards, the Russians have behaved very naughtily. Given the chance they will behave that way again. The trouble is that their technique, which gives at any rate apparent freedom to populations which have never even seen it before, wins popular support; and that the administrations they overthrow are no better than they should be anyway.

ON a balance of power calculation the developments are upsetting to more than one foreign chancellory. The Azerbaijan move runs parallel with the steadily-growing pressure of the Kurds of Persia, of Turkey and Iraq for autonomy; and runs also with a sim-

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ON a balance of power calculation the developments are upsetting to more than one foreign chancellory. The Azerbaijan move runs parallel with the steadily-growing pressure of the Kurds of Persia, of Turkey and Iraq for autonomy; and runs also with a similar zeal for sovietization in the Armenian province of Turkey, which Moscow radio yesterday claimed was being encouraged by the head of the Armenian Church in that territory. They run together and run Westwards; and who knows what fellow-zealots will join them on the way? If Russia intends the impetus to be kept up, no cordon sanitaire is likely to stop it. It is a questionable method in any case, beside being inefficient; and unless something better and more forward-looking is thought up, the position of Britain in the Middle East will be endangered. The Government should give a clear and frank exposition of what is happening and what pending. It owes it to the Middle East peoples and not least to the army it has consigned to these regions in ignorance of its real purpose.

THE situation has not been improved by anti-Communist rioting in Istanbul. The attacks on two left-wing newspapers and on Russian-owned shops are symbolic of the tension felt in Turkey. Sizeable elements of the Turkish army are being moved rapidly into positions from which a Soviet attack might come, and public opinion throughout the country is being allowed to develop a strong anti-Soviet temper. Turkish gunners, meanwhile, are being trained in Egypt, a circumstance unlikely to be overlooked by the Russians. Turkish fears may be unfounded (evidently they are shared by her friends and certainly they will be added to by the events in Persia); and if they are not, Soviet intentions may be as wicked as Ankara believes them to be. The point is that nothing is being done to clarify a dark situation and that a problem which may be soluble now is being left until peaceful solution is impossible.

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ONE feels that behind all these large and endangering problems lie simple causes, which no one tries hard enough to get at, or will believe if they do. The Warsaw radio attack on the British Government is an example of the way bitterness and suspicion are allowed to grow up between peoples. The attack was based on the allegations that the British are demanding the last penny for Polish army expenses in Britain; that they are unnecessarily holding back Polish troops; and that they will oppose the extension of Polish territory as far Westward as the Oder-Neisse line. If the Polish army, fully equipped, is being held without good cause on British, German and Italian soil, there is legitimate complaint. Mr. Bevin told us recently that the new Polish Government must be given a chance, and that what he described as police states are one of those phenomena of Eastern Europe which have to be put up with: in other words, presumably, he gave the Polish Government his blessing. Why, then, irritate it? The cause of the trouble here is, again, delay. Lack of transport is used as an excuse to hold up the return of the Polish army; and the process of long-drawn out administrative requirements to hold up changes of command desired by the Warsaw Government. As for the frontier question, that, as also in the case of Yugoslavia and Italy, awaits the hypothetical Peace Conference. If there is much more waiting, the situation in Europe will deteriorate to a point where only what is left of the forces of "law and order" will be able to arbitrate; and that sort of arbitration does not diminish hatred, but adds to it.

Jerusalem, December 6.